

Quarterly Transactions
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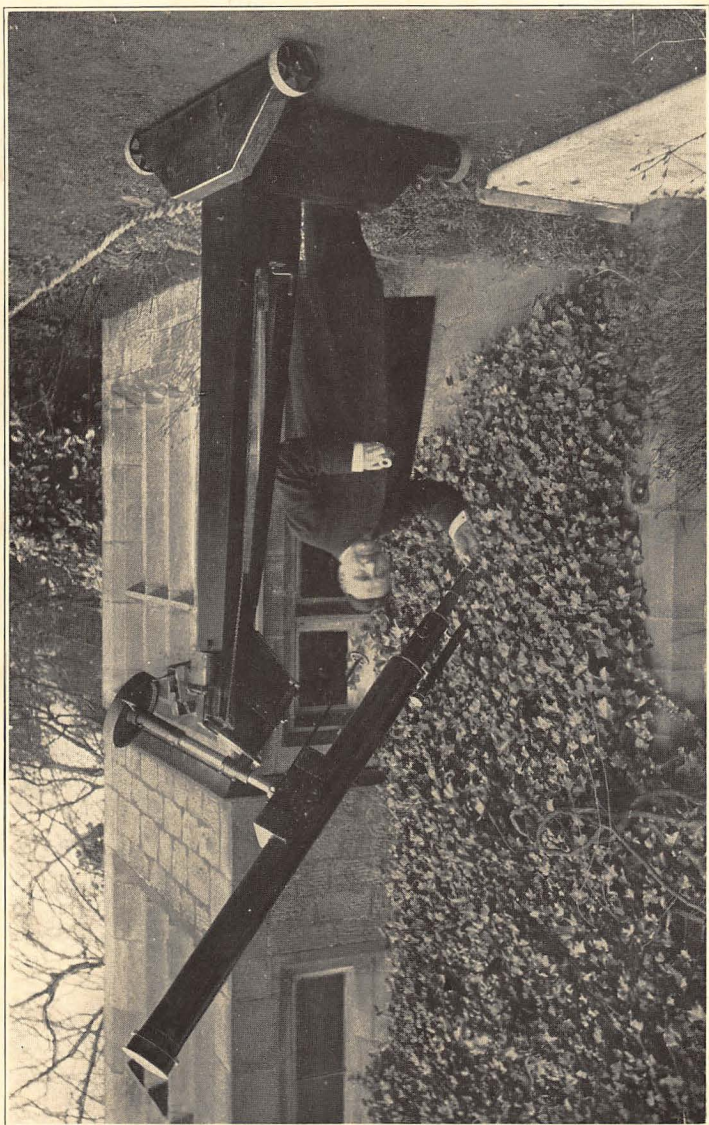
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REV. CHAS. L. TWEEDALE
(Rector of Otley, Yorks)
in his garden with his telescope.



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Vol. V.—No. I.

April, 1926.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR Movement is now winning public recognition with a rapidity which will soon leave no important section of the people uninfluenced. The newspapers are treating it with a new note of respect. The Churches are impressed. Rome is scared and her panic crusade, trumpeted by the "Universe," has collapsed like a bubble almost in the blowing. As we go to press we note the commencement of a series of articles in the "Morning Post" on the subject of Spiritualism and the Church, which bids fair to be written in a sympathetic and serious spirit.

"Spiritualism," says the writer, "can no longer be ignored. That is one of the few definite conclusions that readily emerge from any serious enquiry into the subject. A rapidly increasing interest in Spiritualism is noticeable amongst both the clergy and the laity, and it is being stimulated by the active and enthusiastic propaganda of the Spiritualists themselves."

* * * * *

Dr. Percy Dearmer will deal particularly with the future of Spiritualism and its relations with the Churches. We quote further from the opening article :

"More and more of the laity are saying : 'What is there in Spiritualism ? There must be something behind it, as there is no smoke without fire.' More and more of the clergy find themselves faced with the question and do not know how to advise their congregations. . . . Meanwhile the fact has to be faced that there are large numbers of people who, though not antagonistic to the Churches, are not satisfied and want something more. These make easy converts to Spiritualism, which is being expounded with great sincerity and ever-growing ability and enthusiasm. Few Spiritualists are antagonistic to the Churches. In fact, most of them regard Spiritualism as a reinforcement of the teachings of Christianity."

The writer comments favourably on the type of persons now to be found in the Spiritualist ranks. He formed many of his impressions at the Annual Dinner of the British College. "It is necessary," he says, "to emphasize the fact that I have not yet met a Spiritualist who gave me the slightest impression of insanity." He attended the big East End meeting addressed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Vale Owen, and says :

"The hall was crowded, and the audience listened spellbound. It was composed of every type—clerks, typists, labourers, shop-keepers—and ninety-five per cent. of them 'gobbled' (that is the only word) the descriptions of the future life which were given to them. There was a large proportion of young men and women, and I felt somehow that they were all of the type that is not reached by the Churches. But the Spiritualists seemed to reach them most successfully. . . . In a fairly varied experience I have never seen so interested an audience, but I am told that it was typical of all big Spiritualist meetings. It finished long before the audience had had enough."

* * * * *

It is not difficult to foresee that this increase of popular interest will be followed by a proportionately increased demand on the part of the public for personal experience. The search for mediums will be greatly enlarged, and the shortage of good and efficient mediumship will be more acutely felt. New sensitives will be sought for, and when found will need to be tested and trained; and the training will be a matter requiring every care. Here PSYCHIC SCIENCE would sound a note of caution. Public speakers on spiritualist platforms are apt to recommend the cultivation of mediumship by development in home circles. There is danger in this unless the process is guided by some knowledge of the pitfalls incidental to such efforts. The development of mediumship needs expert advice and careful watching. We cannot wholly exonerate our leaders or ourselves from an occasional lapse from discretion by too free an advocacy of this home culture of such gifts as trance mediumship and clairvoyance.

* * * * *

Many promising psychic natures are spoilt through the ignorant exercise of these dawning gifts of the soul. The emotional nature being profoundly stirred, balance can easily be lost, and when once lost is not readily readjusted. The constitution of mixed circles is often a serious danger to their more sensitive members, as the psychic influence of one morally undeveloped sitter may mingle and spread contagion. None but those approved for their sincerity and discretion, and for their earnest spiritual aim, should be allowed in new circles. But the exclusion of the wrong sort of sitter is almost an impossibility among groups of uninstructed people who cannot of course discriminate and are more likely than not ruled by circumstance and by the wishes of their friends.

We foresee that very speedily the Churches must seriously take in hand their long-neglected duty of the training and provision of spiritually gifted mediums chosen and retained for this special work just as they were in the earliest days of Christianity ; and we would urge that if nothing is done soon in making a beginning, then organized religion in this country is going to experience a decline that will lose it much of the remaining influence it yet possesses. The ecclesiastical machine is a very finely organized one, and those who hope that it is not too late to infuse new life into it would lament its collapse, for it is difficult to rebuild, and before the rebuilding there would be much chaos. But we are close on the time when the Churches must make their final choice. Will they receive the Spirit or will they cast it out and leave the people to find for themselves the keys of the Kingdom ?

* * * * *

The Editor begs to announce that his lecture tour in the United States is now finally arranged to take place in October next, under the auspices of a well-known New York agent. The tour will last, in all probability, three months, and he will go as far as the middle West, and possibly to Canada as well.

* * * * *

Further items of current interest will be found in "*Notes by the Way*"—at the end of this number. Owing to pressure on our space the Editorial Notes are curtailed in this number.

THE WEAVERS.

From less to greater beauty—even so
 We pass from deep to deep, from sphere to sphere,
 Weaving our mystic web through year on year,
 Fanning the embers where dim fires glow.

Whirling through space, the mighty planets burn
 From less to greater beauty, as do we,
 Slowly approaching to the mystery,
 Shadowed in dream, our eyes would fain discern.

We weave the threads, red-gold and silver-grey,
 Into the loom of Life, a flame-shot web,
 Drenched with our life-blood's constant flow and ebb,
 Silvered by streams of tears we cannot stay.

From life to death, from death to dream we pass,
 From dream to wakefulness, from peace to strife,
 Ceaselessly weaving at the loom of Life
 The pattern mirrored in the Spirit's glass.

MEREDITH STARR.

Crugmeer, Padstow.

A PLANCHETTE EXPERIMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

This record has been handed to the Editor by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for publication in PSYCHIC SCIENCE. The Editor has corresponded with the writer, who is a lady of good family and position in Cornwall. It has been necessary to alter the names of the persons concerned as it has been impossible to communicate with all of them to obtain their consent. The name of the locality is also suppressed in the story.

No one concerned in the affair I am about to relate had any previous experience of psychic phenomena. It began in a purely jocular manner. In 1917, before we came to live at this place, we bought a planchette at Gamage's. This we meant to use merely as a toy—a source of amusement only. None of us attributed any spiritualistic quality to an object sold as a plaything. Such considerations, in fact, did not at the time interest us at all.

In due course my mother and I—I being at that time about thirteen years of age—made trial of our new toy. Certainly we got some strange answers to the questions we addressed to it. But we imagined that these were merely the functioning of the so-called "subconscious" brain. Four years later, in 1921, we removed to the place where the events to be recorded took place. At the time of our move I had forgotten the existence of the planchette. But it recurred to my mind about the 27th January, 1925, when we had, staying with us, several friends whom I will enumerate. First, the Count and Countess Colmonti; next, Mrs. Hastings, a friend of my mother and the Countess; then, Mr. Charles Trevanion (since deceased) and Mr. Robert Trevanion, both brothers of Mrs. Hastings. Our own family consisted of myself (Phyllis Yorke), my sister Pamela and my mother. We had, previously, staying with us another friend of the Countess, a Mrs. Godfrey. She had been with us for Christmas, and it was she who had reminded me of planchette (with which she herself had failed to obtain any result at all). So we tried with our newly-assembled party. After a number of attempts to get something on the paper that might be decipherable we found that when the Count (a young man) and Mrs. Hastings placed their hands on the planchette the writing was quite readable. When he was alone at the board he could obtain no movement at all.*

We were all assembled in one room, seated round a large table.

*This bears out the experience of others as to the value of the dual element in medium and sitter. This polarity is present in the scripts of Philip Lloyd and in the many series obtained by the Editor.

The lights were fully on. We began to find that most interesting messages were coming through. At first we were very incredulous as to the veracity of these messages, and were accusing one another of a rather unfathomable practical joke.

The purport of the writing was as follows: On asking *who* was writing, the board answered "Ernest Tonkin," and then told us that this man had lived in the seventeenth century, and had been murdered in a house near P——, a place five miles distant from us, by his brother Robert; and that his body had been placed beneath a stone slab in the kitchen of the said house.

Following this there came a drawing giving the plan of a room in one part of which a large cross was marked by the pencil. We asked if this cross indicated the place where the bones lay, and the answer was "Yes." The message went on to say that gold was buried with the bones, and that whoever should first find them and give them decent burial, might have the gold. It can be imagined how astonished we all were at this; and when Mrs. Hastings became tired, the Countess changed places with her, since it had been found that with either herself or the Countess the Count could get the writing in a decipherable form. Strange to say, the two ladies when sitting together could obtain no result or, at least, only indistinguishable scribble.

The following day the Count and Countess drove into P——, and obtained an order to view the house in question, which, at that time was in process of being re-decorated for a new tenant who was shortly expected. The only person about the premises was a man who was at work on the painting of the window frames outside. Accompanying the Colmontis were Mr. Charles Trevanion and my sister Pamela. The party went into the kitchen and found that its shape tallied exactly with the plan drawn by planchette. There also were the stone slabs. The Countess then stood on one of these slabs, just about the spot on which the cross had been drawn. Then she stood upon the other, since they did not feel quite sure which of the two had been meant. The window was between them.

On their return home we had another sitting with planchette. This time it was under the control of the Count and his wife. "Tonkin" announced himself, and he said that his bones were under the first of the two slabs on which the Countess had stood. He further said that much gold was there. At this juncture "Tonkin" complained of being weary, and the writing merged into a long series of lines. Then planchette recommenced writing. This time a personage communicated, calling himself "My lord Samuel." He described himself as a baron, who had been killed at the battle of Bouvines A.D. 1214, giving the actual date, August 14th.

We at once looked up a history book, and we found that the battle of Bouvines was fought in France in 1214, but as yet we have not been able to verify the actual date.*

*It is quite probably correct. King John concluded the peace of Chinon Sept. 18th as a consequence of the French king's victory.—E.D.

After "my lord Samuel" had told his tale there came another person who called himself "the slave of 'my lord Samuel.'" This one said he was very happy, as he was with his lord—who was very good to him still. At this point the Countess asked if this "spirit" could tell her what happened to her brother who had been missing since the Gallipoli campaign, and for whom she had repeatedly asked for news. The answer came that he was not dead but a prisoner in Constantinople under the protection of a Turkish official of high position. He had, it was said, lost his memory completely and was using an assumed name. This was given, but proved undecipherable. We asked for a clearer repetition of it, but the answer came that this was not allowed.

Then came yet another person, calling himself "Captain Welsh" (of the Royal Lancasters). He said he was with the Countess's brother when he was captured. He also wrote his full name and rank, together with his "pet" name. None of the company present, except his sister (the Countess), had the slightest knowledge of this.

Up to this point we had had nothing but the answers by the planchette, when "Tonkin" came back and said that he loved gold or gold articles. We asked why people were afraid to stay in the house near P—, and he answered "Because I hide things."

Naturally we asked what kind of things he meant to hide, and the answer came "Gold things." So we then said, "Well, hide something now"; and immediately the answer came "I have done so—the gold cigarette case." Now, the Count had a little while previously handed us all cigarettes from his gold case, and placed it back in his hip pocket. We had all noticed him do this, owing to some chance remark made about the brand of cigarettes he preferred. On seeing that the board had written that the case was hidden, we immediately asked the Count to feel in his pocket (he was using the board with his wife at the time). He did so and found the case had disappeared. We were quite astounded at this development, as we had had no actual demonstration before. We at once asked the board where the case was hidden, and it said "On a shelf in your room." We took this to mean the Count's room, so we at once went upstairs to his bedroom; but, after a thorough search, could find no trace of the cigarette case. From there we went into the Countess's room, and looked all around there, and eventually found the case on a high shelf on top of a large box—well out of reach except by the use of a chair. We knew no one had left the room in which we were writing since the Count had handed round the case; and we could find no rational explanation for its movement. We told Mrs. Hastings of this (she was not present at the time of the disappearance of the case), and she, in a jocular manner, said "I wonder if he'd hide anything of mine"; and then the board at once wrote "Your gold glasses." Mrs. Hastings at once looked to the accustomed place where she left her lorgnettes, and found they had disappeared. Eventually they were found in the kitchen on a high shelf among a number of saucepans. Later on that night, after

dinner, we again started using the planchette as we were by now thoroughly interested. A person came, calling himself "Sam the Sailor," saying he was wrecked on some rocks just off the coast, giving the name of his ship and of his admiral—the latter a Dutch name, the former I am unable to remember. Mr. Charles Trevanion was laughing at the rather extraordinary manner of phrasing this new arrival used, and said, "Oh! a sailor always loves a drop of grog of some kind; I wonder if he would?" Immediately the planchette wrote the word "Yes" in huge letters. The only thing we had nearby was an empty champagne bottle, which we placed on the table. The board wrote, "That is no good; it is empty." So we removed the empty bottle and placed a half bottle of Graves in its place. The pencil at once ran up to the bottle and wandered round and round it. Mr. Trevanion dropped a drop of wine on to the paper, and the board went up and circled wildly round it. The writing after that became frightfully difficult to read, but we distinguished that he wanted the light put out, and "Sam the Sailor" would give us evidence of his presence. So we lowered the light as asked, and Mr. Trevanion said, "Well, 'Sam,' sing to us." We waited, and we heard a low sibilant sound, rather like a person whistling under his breath. We naturally thought it was one of ourselves. Suddenly the wine bottle was hurled on to the floor and the planchette rolled off the table. At the same time I felt myself pushed over from behind (I was seated on the table) and the table heaved up. The table in question is a huge table, which generally takes two people at least to lift a little height without anyone sitting on it, so that to feel the thing heave with such ease when it had four people sitting on it was most remarkable.

We put the light on again and went back to the planchette, which said that it was "Sam the Sailor" who had done all these things. We asked who had done the whistling, and he said it was himself. Previously we had questioned each other as to who had done the whistling, and we all denied it, although we all heard the sound. The next thing we asked was could anyone come and tell us about some hidden papers and money that is supposed to be buried underneath the castle of the Colmontis in Perugia. The Countess was most anxious to try and find some of this ancient store of valuables that was hidden, no one knew where except it was within the castle precincts. One well had been found filled up with stones, and the Countess thought that some clue would be found as to the whereabouts of the treasure if the well could be emptied. The Cardinal Giacomo Colmonti was supposed to have caused the treasure to be hidden when threatened by the Orsini. So we asked if the Cardinal would come and tell us about the castle. The answer came he was elsewhere, but would come the following evening and tell us what we wished to know.

The following morning, when the Count's hot water was taken to his bedroom, any amount of small things in his room were placed in ridiculous places. For instance, a small pincushion was placed in

his washstand basin, and various other things were scattered about the room. He had touched nothing and had not heard a sound during the night. A few moments later a mascot black cat of his was found on the mat outside the room occupied by my sister and myself. Neither of us had left the room, and no one had entered, but the cat was found within a few moments. Just before breakfast the Count came downstairs laughing, saying that both his trouser belts had disappeared. We hunted high and low in every room, but there was no sign of either belt. We searched the same places twice, and eventually found one belt in a soiled clothes chest in the bedroom of my sister and myself. We had looked in the chest before and seen nothing as it was empty at the time ; but on looking again the belt was found. Then, at about 10.30 a.m., the local postman arrived, bringing, among other things, a hat box from Messrs. John Barker for the Countess. She did not trouble to open it at the time as she was engaged on something else. Her husband then asked her if she had any tissue paper, as he wished to wrap a watch up to be sent to be repaired. The Countess answered there would probably be some in the hat box, so opened same, and at the bottom of the box, neatly folded up, lay her husband's second belt. You may imagine our surprise, as the box had just arrived from London and was unopened.

All day long small trivial things occurred that kept us wondering whatever was going to happen next. Such things as screws, pliers and numberless other working tools disappeared one after another. At that time the Count and Mr. Charles Trevanion were working on a large wireless set. In the attic, which we had converted into a workshop, there was a large Wade lathe fixed, and one could hear this working solidly for minutes on end when no one was in the attic. We used to rush upstairs when we heard the peculiar humming sound the lathe made when working, but there was no sign of movement on it as is the case when a person takes the foot away from the pedal. Mr. Trevanion wanted to prove without doubt that the lathe was being used to make something, so placed a large pair of pliers over the flywheel so that the wheel could not revolve without the pliers falling off. We left the attic, and when we were in the room beneath we distinctly heard the lathe working. Rushing upstairs, we found the lathe quite still as usual, but the pliers disappeared. Eventually they were found in a jug of water, carefully oiled to prevent rust.

Another thing Mr. Trevanion was doing was making some new legs for the planchette board as ours had not ball-bearings, and he thought the legs would move easier done that way. He had turned the two legs required when, on going to the lathe later in the day, he found another leg made, with the small ball-bearing fixed in, but not quite accurately. No one knows where this leg came from. It is made of brass, as were the others, with the polished steel ball fixed in. This we still have in our possession. Later on in the day the Countess was standing with her back to the fireplace in the room

where we did all the writing when the fire suddenly blazed up behind her into as bright a fire as could be if the fire had been lighted for hours. As a rule, the fire was very difficult to light owing to a defect in the chimney.

That evening we heard strange noises in the Countess's bedroom, and when I went in (on behalf of the Count, who would not believe his wife was not in the room—she being out for a walk at the time) I found a reading lamp by the foot of the bed, a small Buddha that was always on her writing desk, on her dressing table, and her large powder bowl on the writing desk. The bed was in a turmoil, just as if someone had been lying on it and tossing about restlessly. When the Countess returned she found her door would not open, and after strenuous pushing found a dirty linen chest (a wooden one) placed against the door.

Later on we found a huge lump of solder placed in the chimney of one of the paraffin lamps. It was a certain kind of solder that both the Count and Mr. Trevanion had been looking for all over Cornwall, and had been told they would have to go to Plymouth or London to get it. When they tried to melt this solder, they found the ordinary blowlamp nothing like strong enough. That evening we again went to the Planchette, and had both "Sam the Sailor" and "Ernest Tonkin" writing, and they said it was they who had done all the tricks during the day.

During dinner we had the loud-speaker working, a military band playing at the time, when a voice started to talk through the music. We thought that it was some other station butting in, so tried to tune it out. We went to every station in England nearly and then over to the Continent, but still this voice continued—never fading, as did the music and other voices we heard. We could not distinguish one word that was said, but the voice was like that of a drunken person, thick and hoarse. It continued for about eight minutes, being heard on two loud speakers—the one in the dining room and another connected to the same set in another smaller room some way off. After dinner, when we resumed the writing, someone came and wrote in Italian, saying that the "Cardinal" could not come until 11 o'clock that night. So, from dinner until then, we used the board and had various trivial messages purporting to be from "Sam the Sailor" and "Ernest Tonkin."

Eventually, at 11 o'clock, someone commenced writing in Italian, saying he was the herald of the "Cardinal Giacomo Colmonti" and that his Excellency was coming. Then the writing changed, and someone arrived and said he was "Giacomo Colmonti, Prince of the Church and son of the King of Naples." From that, we asked about the wells at Colmonti, and he answered there were three wells, saying where they were situated and all the whys and wherefores of the hiding of the treasure. All his writing was in Italian, beautifully clear and evenly spaced, i.e., "Questa—mei—fratelli—Genovesi, etc," in comparison to the joined words of the others.

Everyone went to bed except the Count and Countess, my sister and myself, and we (the latter) went upstairs about 12.30. The other two kept on writing as they were getting such interesting messages. Our bedroom is situated immediately above the room where they were, and we could hear the noise of the pencil moving rapidly very plainly. The noise (a kind of scratching noise, as the pencil was rather too large for the hole in the board) seemed to come louder and louder, until our whole room seemed to be resounding with it. Considering that their voices were hardly audible to us from downstairs, we could not account for the loud noise of the pencil. Presently, above our heads in the attic, we heard heavy footsteps walking to and fro, and the whirring sound of the lathe. The noise ceased when the Colmontis came upstairs, and for the rest of the night we never heard a sound from anywhere.

The next day, Mr. Charles Trevanion and his brother wished to take a photograph of the house, so, in the morning they went outside, Charles taking his photograph from just outside the gate, while his brother moved on to the brow of a hill opposite. No one was in the garden at the time, as they both wanted the photographs to be of the house only, so waited until everyone had gone into the house. They both took the photographs simultaneously, and when printed Mr. Robert Trevanion's photograph was perfectly clear, while the other (I am enclosing to you with this account) you will see a figure in the foreground quite distinctly. All that day things were happening in such quick succession that it is impossible to enumerate them.

Again, a fire was lighted in the same room as the previous day, but at the other end, where there was a fireplace that was very seldom used. Later on in the afternoon the Count and Mr. Charles Trevanion drove the car into P——. When they reached the house mentioned by "Tonkin" the windscreen became totally blurred—as if it were made of frosted glass—and *no amount of rubbing could clear it*. It was not until they had passed the entrance gates of the house that the glass cleared as rapidly as it had become obscured. The previous day it was noticed that two of the three nuts connecting the wheel to the car had come off and that only by the merest coincidence had anyone bothered to look at the wheels before the car descended one of the worst hills in the district. Before the journey commenced all the wheels had been examined and were quite all right. That night, when dressing for dinner, the Countess heard a peculiar tapping sound coming from a small room that led up to the attic. She knew that no one was in the room; so as to make sure her imagination was not playing her false she called to my sister to come and listen also. The noise still continued—a kind of metallic tapping, as of a small hammer on a crystal cigarette ashtray that we knew was in the room. Then the Countess said she would open the door and see if anything were visible. She and my sister opened the door, and immediately the tapping ceased, and there was nothing to be seen. While this was going on upstairs some of the others

were writing with the planchette, which said "Do not touch the blanket I have placed in the kitchen." Now, this house was divided so as to make two houses at one time, so there are two kitchens; so we asked which kitchen, and it wrote "the old." We went in there, and found a roll of stuff placed on the kitchen range. It seemed to be made up of old dusters and various other odds and ends. We asked if that were supposed to be the blanket, and the answer came "Yes"; and again, "but do not touch it." This latter sentence was repeated three times. So, during dinner, the "blanket" remained on the range. Almost as dinner was over, my sister had cause to go through the "old" kitchen in order to obtain something from the kitchen we were using. She noticed the "blanket" was not on the range, and called out to us. On entering the kitchen proper the said "blanket" was spread out on the ground, the contents of the roll strewn all over the floor. No one had been in the kitchen since the beginning of dinner, and certainly no one of the party felt inclined to touch the roll after the strict injunctions to the contrary. We were rather at a loss to know what to do with the things, as we were not certain whether the injunction covered the "blanket" in its present condition or not. We went to the planchette and asked might we remove the strewn rags from the floor. The answer came "Yes, I wanted it for to-night." On our asking for what, the answer was unreadable, and we could get no further on with the matter.

After dinner, Mr. Charles Trevanion suggested we should go up to the attic and develop the photographs he had taken of the house that day. While he was collecting his materials together I happened to go into the scullery where the soiled silver was placed in a bowl ready for washing up. On looking in the bowl I discovered an enormous horseshoe—such as would fit an exceptionally large shire horse. I asked where it had come from, and how it had come to be among the silver. No one knew anything about it; and on asking the planchette had "Sam" or "Tonkin" placed it there, the answer was "Yes, to bring luck to the house." Within the next few moments someone else discovered a huge casserole placed among the saucepans—a thing we had never seen before. It was earthenware, and had apparently been used many times as the bottom was smoked. There was a French trade mark stamped on the side, and the casserole was in perfect condition. Both the horseshoe and this are still in our possession. After these two "finds" we all went upstairs. The others were a little ahead of me, as I had to go into my bedroom for a candle. Just as I was walking with the lighted candle through the small room that leads to the attic my candle was blown out (a usual occurrence with us those days), and something hurtled through the air just past my head and fell with a crash into a zinc bath that was under the stairway. I called out to the others, who, on hearing the fall of the object in the bath, had thought that I had tripped over something in the dark. On examining the bath we found a piece of the new wireless set that

was being made, broken in half at the bottom of the bath. If that had hit my head, it would probably have, at least, caused a painful bruise. As it was it was an important piece of the set destroyed. We were both annoyed and astounded this time. At last we all went into the attic, and had nothing but a small red photography lamp giving any light. (We all had electric torches in our hands.) We were all singing together and making a general noise, when a crash came on the spring of a mattress that was standing in the attic. My sister said "Something has fallen, from the roof apparently, just by my side." We lit the torches (Mr. Trevanion carefully hiding his photograph from the naked light meanwhile) and found a brand new pulley with some copper wire wound round it lying by my sister. We had never had such a pulley in the house before, and to this day we have no idea whence it came; but still have it. We put out the lights again, and this time literally showers of objects began to fall, i.e., pencils, small ashtrays and pieces of cork were flying all over the room, none of which were in the attic during the day, but were transported there from various other rooms. Mr. Trevanion said he had felt something hard hit his leg, the same time the developer in the dish he was using being splashed all over his face and clothes. We put on the lights (the electric torches to be exact), and in a jug of water by the side of the table the Countess noticed something. She put her hand into the water and drew out a pair of eyeglasses, with each lens most carefully covered with melted candle grease so as totally to obscure all vision through them. These were recognized as a pair of glasses Mrs. Hastings had mislaid during the day, and had been unable to trace. We then put the lights out again, when the Count suddenly said that his torch had (to use his own expression) "gone light." We imagined he meant "had lighted itself," but he explained that it had lost weight. Again we lit up, and found that the battery had been taken from the case while it was in his hand. At this we went downstairs, Mr. Trevanion having developed his photograph (or rather film) as best as possible under the above conditions. We asked the planchette where the battery was, and the answer came that it was in a shed outside. We went out to look, and there on a small shelf reposed the battery that had just left the Count's torch in the attic at the other end of the house and on the top landing.

About 11.15 p.m. everyone turned in, the Count, Countess, my sister and myself being in one half of the house, and everyone else in the other half, which was really like another house. At about 11.35 p.m. we put the light out in our room, and directly afterwards a faint metallic tapping was heard. My sister sat up, and said "That was the same noise as I heard when with the Countess this evening." As she was speaking the noise increased in volume, and we heard the Count call out to his wife. The noise increased and seemed to become deafening; and again the Count called, this time more urgently. My sister jumped out of bed and ran to the door, just as the Countess opened her bedroom door, and called to the Count

that they were coming. Meanwhile I had tried to light the candle by the side of the bed, and found that the matches were oiled and would not strike. Eventually, I obtained a slight glimmer on the match and, luckily, it lit the candle. I followed out after my sister and arrived at the Count's room just as the Countess and my sister had broken open his door, as he had bolted it from the inside to stop the wind from rattling it during the night. When we saw him he seemed to be half dead with terror at something he had seen, but we could get no real sense from him. We half carried him, between us, into his wife's room and placed him on her bed, where she gave him some brandy. He revived then, and said he had been lying in bed, a reading lamp and a candle alight, and an electric torch under his pillow, when suddenly the lights were put out. He felt at once for the torch, and found the battery would not work. On looking up he saw three dark figures, which appeared to have something white around their heads, and they advanced towards his bed. He then called out and threw the clothes over his head, but, on opening his eyes, could see the figures through the bedclothes. He sprang out of bed and hit out with his fist, only to find that a huge wardrobe chest had swung round of itself, and the Count hit his knuckles against that. About then we came in and his room was in a turmoil. Every article of furniture was moved, and all the drawers were emptied out on to the floor. The dressing table had swung round so as to almost block all exit from the room, and we believe that had we been any later the table would have barred the way to the entrance to the Count. As soon as the Count recovered I went over to try and bring Mr. Charles Trevanion to the scene, as we thought, should the Count have another fainting fit, he could help as he had considerable medical knowledge. Luckily I found Mr. Trevanion downstairs, he and my mother having heard the noise of the moving furniture in the house we occupied. You will notice that we heard no sound of the furniture moving—only the continual and deafening metallic hammering. We were all very nervous after this unforeseen turn of events, and were not feeling exactly glad at having to pass the remainder of the night under these conditions, so we all went over to the other part of the house. As we were going down the stairs the banging commenced again, accompanied by the rush of footsteps over head. With as great speed as possible we left the house and closed all doors behind us. Even then we could hear the sound of hammering through the wall. Nothing ever took place in the old part of the house where we had sojourned, only in the comparatively new part that had been added about thirty-five years ago, and made into another house until we had the two joined so as to make one.

The following morning, when the maid arrived (she went home every evening) she heard a terrific commotion coming from the upper floor of the house we had left the previous night; but, not knowing of our midnight change of sleeping abode, thought we had risen earlier than usual and were making rather a considerable noise.

When my mother heard her arrive she went downstairs and told her of the events that had occurred. The noises were quieter then, and no other sound was heard. The Count's bedroom was exactly as we had left it the night before, everything in the wildest disorder and all the furniture making peculiar creaking sounds. We all noticed that although the furniture was considerably bulky the carpet had not been rucked in the slightest, as would have been the case if an ordinary person had quickly drawn the articles over the floor.

The Colmontis are Roman Catholics, and so decided to have the priest in to see if anything could be done to prevent these "spirits" from doing further mischief, as now things were beyond a joke. So the Count and his wife, accompanied by Mr. Charles Trevanion, drove to the nearest Roman Catholic church and returned with a priest, to whom they had explained matters. When the priest arrived he went over the rooms that had been the chief places where the "spirits" had performed their tricks, and he said he could plainly feel the influence. At any rate he visited each room in the house, and after praying and sprinkling them with holy water, told us that if what he had done had not rid us of any evil influence we should have to go to Plymouth to the Bishop with our story, and he would appoint someone to exorcize the place. My sister and myself went back with the priest and the Count in the car, and as we neared a very steep hill it was noticed that the steering gear was very loose. On getting out and examining the wheel from the bonnet of the car we found that every nut had been tampered with, and it was found quite possible to lift the steering wheel out. We were prevented from returning home an easier way by a traction engine that barred the road; and we all feel that we had some good guiding spirit with us to bring us back safely with the car in that condition.

We never heard another sound from that day onwards, nor any other demonstration of anything supernatural. We have never been able to understand why these things should happen to us, as we started without the slightest intention of bringing anything supernatural about us. Since these things occurred Mr. Charles Trevanion has died and the Count and Countess have returned to Italy. We have occupied the house and even the attics since, but have seen or heard nothing. The articles left so uncannily are still in our possession, and we found all the pliers, screws and matches that so mysteriously disappeared replaced in bundles in various parts of the house. The planchette and most of the papers on which the planchette wrote we destroyed, but we still have some.

PHYLLIS YORKE.

MATERIALIZED ANIMAL APPARITIONS.

By Mrs. Hewat McKenzie.

COLONEL OCHOLOWICZ, in his book on the mediumship of Franek Kluski of Warsaw, reviewed elsewhere in these pages, which has recently been published in Polish—from which extracts were given in January PSYCHIC SCIENCE—has some interesting things to say on an aspect of materialization but little known for lack of opportunities of study, viz. : The Materialized Apparitions of Animals.

The subject is not perhaps an attractive one to some spiritualists, but to others it becomes a matter of vital importance, both from a personal and a universal aspect.

If great animals appear, such as have been seen at Kluski séances on occasions, then we may reasonably suppose that the domestic animals, so often dearly loved, are at times not far from their owners, although opportunities for objective manifestation may be lacking. There are hundreds of well-attested cases of persons, seeing hearing, feeling and sensing the presence of deceased pets in the ordinary home surroundings; the behaviour of other animals has also seemed to indicate a knowledge of unseen companions.

In a conversation with Kluski in 1922 I remember that he said he was indifferent as to whether the manifestations through him were human or animal—creation was one—and he felt no worse after the one than the other. It might be imagined that sometimes a medium may feel worse after a human materialization if this was accompanied by profound emotion than from any animal manifestation—perhaps an unconscious experience by the animal under the charge of some discarnate friend or guide.

With the medium Guzik in the Paris séances of 1923, Dr. Geley, Prof. Richet, Sir Oliver Lodge and others recorded careful impressions of what seemed the manifestation of an animal like a dog, which fondled some of the sitters, and pushed its nose into their pockets. Dr. Geley noted that these animal apparitions do not appear to be self-luminous as some human materializations, but can be heard and touched and often smelt like a dirty wet dog. The great bird once seen with Kluski in 1919 appeared, however, to be lighted from within, but others were not, and were only visible when the light of the phosphorescent slate was turned upon them or they came near the region of the red lamp.

With Kluski the animal apparitions seemed to step forth from the medium at the same moment as a human apparition who seemed to act as the keeper of the animal. The two apparitions did

not, however, seem to be active at the same moment. When the animal was fully materialized and active the keeper was passive and kept in the background, and vice-versa. The only animal, according to Ocholowicz, which seemed to be able to act independently of a keeper was the "pithecanthropos" or great ape, and I can certainly testify to this, having, in 1922, seen the creature lift the luminous slate and with it illumine and show its face quite clearly, and then, while carrying the slate, proceed to the other side of the circle, where I saw its jaw and shoulder illumined from behind in the same way. No other apparition accompanied it.

In 1919, "Hirkill" (an Afghan) materialized during a series of séances with Kluski. Accompanying him always was a rapacious beast, the size of a very big dog, of a tawny colour, with slender neck, mouth full of large teeth, eyes which glowed in the darkness like a cat's, and which reminded the company of a maneless lion. It was occasionally wild in its behaviour, especially if persons were afraid of it, and neither the human nor the animal apparition was much welcomed by the sitters, as the Afghan was brutal and rough, and excited dislike.

It was noticed that all the gentler and well-behaved forms of manifestation were completely dissipated immediately these two came forth. Bidding them depart seemed to be of little use, even when the medium made the request. They appeared for a couple of months at almost every séance, then, without any special notice, disappeared, and have to date never been seen again.

The "lion," as we may call him, liked to lick the sitters with a moist and prickly tongue, and gave forth the odour of a great feline, and even after the séance the sitters, and especially the medium, were impregnated with this acrid scent as if they had made a long stay in a menagerie among wild beasts.

The materialization of a bird, like a large falcon, excited great interest also in 1919, which seemed to be the year of the chief animal materializations. The bird was photographed, and before the exposure a whirring, like the stretching of a huge bird's wings, could be heard, accompanied by slight blasts of wind, as if a large fan were being used. This sitting was held in the light of a red lamp, fixed about six feet from the medium. In this the outlines of a grey moving mass were visible, but could not be distinguished as a bird, this fact only being ascertained after the plate had been developed.

THE PITHECANTHROPOS OR "THE PRIMORDIAL MAN."

The "Primordial Man" showed itself first in July, 1919; an outline of a mass of dishevelled hair was perceived, accompanied by a loud smacking sound. One of the sitters expressed very great interest in this manifestation, and it seemed to gain in strength and expression during a number of séances, and by August it could be clearly seen and described. Its shape appeared to be that of a large anthropoidal ape covered with light brown hair, very abundant,

occasionally of a grey hue, curling at the head and growing down almost to the eyebrows and up to the chin. This ape was of such great strength that it could easily move a heavy bookcase filled with books through the room, carry a sofa over the heads of the sitters, or lift the heaviest persons with their chairs into the air to the height of a tall person.

Though the ape's behaviour sometimes caused fear, and indicated a low level of intelligence, it was never malignant. Indeed it often expressed goodwill, gentleness and readiness to obey; but its excessive zeal often produced tragi-comical situations at séances.

It seemed to consider that its duty lay in imitating the actions of other apparitions, actions which were often the result of requests made by sitters. For instance, if a materialized human form handed a sitter a small object lying at a distance, then the ape would also seize at once with great zeal the first object handy, but always the largest it could find, and carry it as a gift to the same person. The result of this was that on one occasion the séance had to be interrupted to remove a large sofa from the knees of a sitter; and on another a heavy chest which had been placed in the middle of the circle. On a third occasion it tried violently to lift up two of the sitters successively with their chairs, unlinking the hands of the sitters and bringing the medium back to consciousness.

Once an artist sitter was trying to draw one of the apparitions upon the background of a large shining screen, when the ape manifested unasked, near the human manifestation, and showed clearly its shaggy haired head and hairy paw adorned with an enormous thumb. When scolded it hid for some time under the table or seated itself at the feet of the sitters, softly scratching their legs. It often annoyed the sitters including the medium by licking their faces at inopportune moments. Its tongue was large and disagreeably moist, and many protests to call off the phenomenon ensued. After a long stay a strong animal smell was noticed.

It was seen for a last time at the séance of December 26, 1922, in the same form as in 1919, and making the same sounds of smacking and scratching. It was during 1922 that Mr. McKenzie and myself saw it; and I remember at that time Dr. Geley told me he had not had such good fortune as it had only occasionally manifested.

Another animal manifestation which aroused interest was a small beast which was accompanied by a human apparition of a very grave aspect—an Eastern type—who always behaved before the sitters with great dignity and seriousness. This small animal reminded sitters of the "weasel," so often sensed at Guzik séances, but it was possible to examine this Kluski apparition much more accurately either by the light of the luminous "slate" or the red lamp. Its behaviour was always gentle, and the sitters were very fond of it—trying to hold it near them as long as possible—but as

soon as the human apparition with it vanished, so did the beast. It used to run quickly over the table on to the sitters' shoulders, stopping every moment and smelling their hands and faces with a small cold nose; sometimes, as if frightened, it jumped from the table and rambled through the whole room, turning over small objects and shuffling papers lying on the table and writing desk.

It appeared at six or seven séances, and was last seen in June, 1923.

Col. Ocholowicz's observations are most valuable as an addition to all the data that has been collected from the observations of clairvoyants and others. His point, that at Kluski's séances, these animal apparitions were seen to be in charge of human apparitions, is a verification again of what clairvoyants have stated—that when animals are seen by them, they are often accompanied by a friend of the sitter who has taken the trouble to make the necessary link.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF LIVING ANIMALS IN THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN APPARITIONS AT SEANCES.

The behaviour of living animals introduced into a séance room during materialization phenomena is necessarily a subject on which very few observations have been made through lack of suitable opportunities, and Col. Ocholowicz's notes on this matter are therefore extremely interesting. He claims that the living animals in the presence of the apparitions are exceedingly sensitive and susceptible, and sense more than even a sensitive and experienced human observer.

In 1916, a small rattler female dog, belonging to the medium, was taken into the séance room in full light, and allowed to roam about freely. It investigated thoroughly the darkest corners of the room, and behaved quietly. The moment the light was extinguished the animal began to be troubled and came nearer the sitters, but kept away from the medium, to whom at other times it was greatly attached. At this time hands were not linked in the séances, and the medium did not so often fall into trance.

As manifestations began and small materialized lights could be seen, the animal began to show anxiety and reacted by growling, whining and barking at apparitions approaching it, as indicated by the lights which usually accompany these. But every phenomenon did not affect the animal in the same way. Some, and usually when accompanied by light, seemed to cause extreme trembling and mute terror; some—when the sitters could see nothing, though conscious of presences—would excite wrath or violent terror. To one rather nebulous apparition in a dark corner of the room, however, the dog showed great sympathy, as if it tried to fondle it. To another, which to the sitters looked very much the same, the dog seemed hostile, growling and barking; to another it seemed indifferent. This varied behaviour was most noticeable during the

first part of the séance, and as the development of the phenomena went on, its terror became stronger and under its influence the animal drew nearer the persons it liked most in the circle, and tried to nestle up to them, as if seeking for defence and protection, and to get out of the sphere of the operation of the phenomena. If the door was opened, the animal took speedy advantage of it and escaped from the room.

The next animal submitted to the tests was a one-year-old dog of the wolf breed, wrathful, violent, acknowledging only the inmates of the house, and being most unfriendly to all others. This dog was full of life and curiosity, and often seemed to be aware of "presences" in Kluski's apartments at other times than during séances. It seemed to register very much the same effects as the previous animal, but it could rarely stand it to the end of the séance, trying to get out of the room with all its might after the development of the phenomena, and showing extraordinary terror, and yet at the beginning of the sitting it reacted in a varied manner much as the other did.

On several occasions the sitters tried to mystify the dog as to the lights, putting before it lighted cigarettes, a pocket electric torch wrapped in white tissue paper, or fingers tipped with luminous paint, simulating the commonest "psychic" light appearances; or some tissue or other material would be pushed before it. But never, even in complete darkness, was the dog mistaken, and it treated those ordinary articles with complete indifference. Before and after the séances it would run into the corners of the room as if searching for or pursuing someone; it would then run into the corridor, still as if pursuing, would sometimes turn back, and then realizing it had lost contact begin hunting in the room again in a friendly or in a hostile mood, according to its previous attitude towards a particular apparition.

A cat was submitted to a test in 1923. Its behaviour could not always be so easily observed as it would hide in a corner or on the lap of a sitter. But if anyone tried to hold it by force, then it would struggle violently out of the sitter's hands, and if an apparition came near it, it bristled, snorted and mewed, although in a few cases it allowed an apparition to stroke it.

In the fully lighted séance room, after the séance, its behaviour was amusing. Sometimes it would seem to have been waiting at the door, and darted into the room with eagerness. On other occasions it could only be brought in by physical force, and would run away at the first opportunity. In a few cases, when the "light" phenomena had been very powerful, or a materialized entity—self-luminous—had left visual traces of its presence in humid stains, which seemed to emit a strong smell of ozone, then the cat seemed to sniff these places out and, throwing itself upon them, turned over on its back, rolling and rubbing itself upon them with great delight and even with frantic joy, although many persons might be standing round.

On another occasion the same behaviour was reported when it scented traces of some ordinary water spilled on the carpet. This water, however, had been used the night before for tests at a sitting, during which some apparitions had undoubtedly handled it.

I remember Miss Bessinet, of Toledo, reporting to me that a large dog which she owned refused to stay in the séance room after a sitting commenced, but showed the greatest anxiety, and even fear, although among a circle of persons all known to it. It would not even approach Miss Bessinet on these occasions, although her constant companion otherwise.

At a sitting at the College, at a curious demonstration of crystal gazing, a sitter asked if she might bring a small dog into the room. As the séance was in light this was allowed, but the dog was not at all happy, and after hunting round the room, retired close against the wall, as far as possible from the sitters.

Perhaps these notes will produce some remarks from readers à propos of this matter, which is one that opens up a large field for speculation and comparison of data.

PRIMITIVE SPIRITUALISTIC BELIEFS AMONG THE AFRICAN TRIBE OF THE AZANDE.

By Capt. Tracy Phillips.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We are privileged to publish a portion of the important monograph upon these interesting native beliefs concerning spirits of ancestors, etc., which has been accepted by the Royal Anthropological Society for their Proceedings, and will be published *in extenso* later in the year. The details have been gathered by the author through an exceptionally close intercourse which he has succeeded in establishing during his official residence in the district. It is very difficult to break through the habitual reserve of the natives in regard to such matters, and they need a very sympathetic handling.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE Zande tribe, commonly known as the Niam-niam, are found between the Nile and the Congo. They number about three to four million souls. The author's notes have been made during three journeys in 1921 and 1924. The best information has been obtained from those of the tribe who have not been subject to foreign religious influences—Christian or Moslem.

The Azande believe in a supreme being *Mboli*; in the human soul which, in its disembodied state, they call *Atolo*. Ancestor spirits they name *Atolo-Aba*. They also believe in demons—*Agilisa*. Their concept of god *Mboli* does not seem anthropomorphic, nor does any Zande claim him to have been incarnate. *Mboli* is the giver of all useful things. He is invoked as protector, and has universal reverence. The Azande have a habit of audible prayer to *Mboli*, but no shrines or sacrifices are made to him. There are communal offerings of fruit, at which the people sing.

The Azande believe in the survival of the soul (or spirit). When a man dies they say "His spirit is wont to remain with us." They think it is in the hand of *Mboli*, but they say "It turns back to here—where we are."

The Azande are apt to attribute misfortunes experienced abroad to the direct intervention of offended spirits of kinsfolk buried at home—as much as a month's trek from the line of march. Thus the *Atolo* has a wide sphere of activity, not confined to his tribal area.

The *Agilisa*, or demons, are evil *Atolo*, they say, different in action from the *Atolo* and also in character. They will seize or beat a man in lonely places, and often those attacked by *Agilisa* will be found wandering in a dazed condition—eating like a beast of the

field. But both *Agilisa* and *Atolo* are of similar human origin. Certain features of the countryside are associated with the activities of these demons—as, for instance, the great smooth rock-outcrops they call *Munga*, which are often a square mile in extent. In Zande the verb “*munga*” means stupified or dazed. These *Agilisa* are not supposed to take human form. One of the Zande men of the French district stated, however, that he thought them to be the spirits of men who had been murdered or wronged.

Captain Phillips saw one young man who was supposed to be the victim of the *Agilisa*. He had previously been quite healthy. But on discovery his appearance was pitiful; his body bruised and lacerated, and his mouth flecked with foam. His eyes were starting from their sockets and he seemed overwhelmed with terror. Capt. Phillips himself had one odd experience. He was laid up at the time in a lonely house and one night awoke with a feeling of acute mental unrest. He became aware of a strange sound which grew in volume and discordancy. It was like a hollow “pad-pad,” followed by the confused shuffle of bare feet along an unfrequented grass path. It sounded like a large company of men heavily loaded. An order was shouted and the loads were dropped. He arose quickly in great indignation that the native guard had, as he thought, neglected his duty, and was feeling his way along when he heard an authoritative voice give a second order, but could not catch the words. This was followed by an unmistakable sound of tired men straining to pick up their loads. He heard the sound of a shuffling off of the company and then fainted away, subsequently crawling into bed half-conscious. His native servant had a precisely similar experience, and this was shared by other members of his staff—men of mixed nationality. They had peeped out when they heard the caravan pass their huts. But nothing was visible. They said they had been alarmed “lest the spirits should turn to violence.” The phenomenon it seemed, was not new to any of them.

We now, with Capt. Phillips's kind permission, give our readers the Fourth section of his paper, dealing with the Ancestral Spirits recognized by the Azande.

IV.—SPIRITS OF ANCESTORS. ATÓLO-ABÁ. PRACTICE OF THE CULT.

The phrase *atolo-aba*, spirits (of) fathers, is plural. I have not myself heard it used in a singular form. I am not, however, prepared to assert that it is never so used. *Atolo-aba* is almost more than a mere plural. Its use seems rather intentionally collective as if referring to ancestral-spirits *en masse*, or to ancestral-spiritdom of the clan, or, in a larger sense, of the Vongara chieftainship which is the unit of Zande population. Even when reference is clearly to the spirit of a father or mother very recently deceased, and to whom attentions may be overdue, it is the plural form which is habitually employed. Apart from the impression which one thus receives, the atmosphere of the Zande world seems impregnated

with a tacit acceptance of the conviction that each individual is living in a world of spirit ambiance composed of the collectivity of ancestral spirits who demand respectful attentions in proportion to the recentness of their entrance into the spirit matter. It is very seldom that the spirit of an individual of more than a generation older than the living head of the house is felt to retain sufficient individuality to merit specific mention or separate physical attentions. The expectation and demand for attention would thus seem to subside proportionately as individuality fades, becoming less imperious as the progressive process of immergence in the spirit-matter proceeds. The stronger the character or the influence of the deceased in life, the more refractory the spirit may be to the merging of its personality in the spirit-ambiance of the clan which enwraps, guides and guards the interests and destinies of the Zande family.

Rago, says the Zande, *Sala haleme kiya*.

There is something extraordinary in the air to-day.

Rago is atmosphere, ambiance, air.

On this last point, I do not feel competent to put forward more than a very tentative suggestion to indicate a possible line of investigation. The people themselves are seldom conscious of the significance or origin of their own ideas on such an elusive article of belief.

The above are merely spontaneous impressions derived from direct observations in the field. Manifestations of the active physical observances performed by the living Zande towards his ancestral spirits are chiefly observable during the preparations for war or hunting, at the establishment of a new home, at the construction of the new buildings, at the first meal on the new home site, at the establishment of the first cultivations and at the harvesting of the results. In short, at any new phase of activity of his life the Zande wishes to avert the chance of disapproval, to tranquillize, and to have the approbation and goodwill of those of his nearer ancestry in the spirit world who may still be in a position to exert an influence. Living isolated, as he appears to have done since his appearance in these wooded savannah-lands, he has, however, not developed the spirit of the Bantu village-groups, whose lives and actions have been first and foremost subservient to the good of the community as a whole. (I might perhaps interpolate the remark that I do not consider the African of Zande blood in any way inferior in natural intelligence to the vaunted Ganda stock.) At the establishment of a new home, the simple Zande erects, usually near the central entrance to the circle of his huts, an "altar" for offerings to the *atolo*. It is usually constructed from the wood of the tree *sasa*, of which a stout pole is planted in the ground. The upper part of the pole is either selected for its natural multiple enbranchment, or is split up so as to form artificially a kind of round and capacious basket. Ashes from the newly-established hearth are rubbed upon the lower end of the pole before it is planted in the ground. The height of the basket receptacle from the ground is normally about five feet. The

altar is known as *tuka*, or, more fully, *tuka-atolo*. In the houses of the Vongara aristocracy one often sees the basket with a cover of the same wood placed over it, or, in the *gbwanga* or court (called "of justice") of an influential territorial chief, a "doll's house" shrine, about three feet broad and high. The one pole in such cases is sometimes increased to four, in accordance with the size of the erection which it has to support. The height of the receptacle from the ground remains usually about the same. As each harvest comes into bearing—maize, potatoes, millet, etc., in their respective seasons—the owner of the house and crops will usually place some of the first crop gathered upon the *tuka* as an offering to the *atolo*, before the family has partaken of any part of the crop for their own food.

Certain signs and passes, which give one the impression of being somewhat vague and varying, are made close by the altar before the offering is actually placed in position. I have witnessed this ceremony on several occasions, and no uneasiness has seemed to be caused by one's presence. The bearer of the offering has, in cases I have witnessed, been a man. He has held in his hand a bunch of the leaves *bambili*. The preliminary movements of his arms are of an up and down motion which remind one perhaps most of the action of a man sieving, from which, perhaps, the phrase to describe it may be derived; for, when on the first occasion in the Bas-Uelé, in the dim mists which immediately succeed the dawn, I came upon a Zande going through these evolutions before a domestic altar, and asked him at the conclusion what they might portend, the answer I received was: "*Mi napeka atolo*."

"I am winnowing the *atolo* (or, perhaps, for the *atolo*)."

It may be that these motions are used as typical of the preliminaries in Zande-land to the preparation of the staple food of man, for the word, as I came later to learn, is that commonly employed in the term *peka moru*: winnow grain*.

The phrase commonly employed to describe the propitiation of the *atolo* in general is *voha* (or *vuga*) *atolo*. Chiefs, perhaps as more responsible for the community in the eyes of the people and of the *atolo*, are commonly accustomed to cause their offerings to be made daily—about dawn. Nor will a succulent morsel from the "chief's right" portion of the meat of the chase—the liver or the kidney—be withheld by a pious Vongara. Incidentally it may be noted that a Vongara is always apt to be more taciturn or deliberately misleading on the question of religious observances than the simple Zande. The Avongara have lost much and gained little by European occupation. If the *atolo* are neglected or deprived of the attentions which are their due, the stroke of ill-fortune or the bolts of disease must be expected by the impious. Sores on the feet or in the lips or mouth are among outward and visible signs of the displeasure of *atolo*. Invisible signs are most often revealed in dreams. In cases

**Moru* or *molu*—a species of small millet, known in Arabic as *telebum*.

of illness attributable, or attributed by diviners, to the *atolo*, it is a near male relative who at early dawn and in the presence of the patient will make the introductory supplication before the altar. The patient will then cause to be prepared a fowl of white plumage. This he will eat seated close by the altar, most often with its shade cast athwart his shoulders. Others are not encouraged to be near; a propitious silence is the order of the day. Chattering among the attendant women or children of the household is sternly repressed, usually by the same master of ceremonies or officiator who has already made the preliminary supplication. Spectators are not encouraged to approach within the immediate zone of operations, in order that the full flow of the influence and virtue which unbinds and releases the malady from the patient may be concentrated upon him and not be diverted or diluted, as might occur if other and distracting persons were nearby. No inconvenience or uneasiness, however, has seemed to be felt when I have asked leave to be present with the anxious relatives in a far background. On such occasions one endeavours to repay the courtesy and confidence by conducting oneself unobtrusively and at least as respectfully as a true believer. The fowl is first offered, perhaps it might be added sacrificed, before the altar by a similar winnowing motion and a brief set invocation for the "lifting" of the disease.

In cases I have been privileged to witness the officiator has been a man. I do not, however, think that this is by any means invariable. In instances where the *atolo* are believed to be of the female side of the family, say of a mother and grandmother causing sterility to a daughter of whose marriage or husband they, as is common, may have disapproved, the mediator is, I understand, sometimes a near female relative. The fowl is in any case usually plucked and prepared by a woman.

THE MICROSCOPIC WRITING OF DR. SOSEN MIYAKE, OF KYOTO, JAPAN.

Reported by F. W. Pawlowski

(Professor of Engineering, Michigan University, U.S.A.).

Professor Pawlowski, an Honorary Member of the College, has kindly contributed the following article on a matter well worthy the attention of readers of *PSYCHIC SCIENCE*. For the benefit of those who did not see the article in the April, 1925, "*Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*," the following digest has been made. This, read with our contributor's interesting article, will put readers in touch with all that seems to be known of the matter in the West.

NOTES FROM AMERICAN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY JOURNAL,
for April, 1925.

BY THE EDITOR, DR. WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE.

THE account and exhibits regarding Mr. Miyake's work were submitted to the Society by Dr. Shimomura, who notes that the remarkable microscopic writing of Mr. Miyake—though it cannot be called a result of supernormal activity—is very remarkable as it is done without the help of magnifiers, without glasses and using a common writing brush, and is quite beyond what would be called ordinary activity. Mr. Miyake performed the feat before the very eyes of a group of scientists, who, with Dr. Shimomura, meet for the study of and experiment in psychic phenomena.

On the occasion of the experiment before this group, Dr. Shimomura brought the paper required, while Mr. Miyake brought the writing brush—a very ordinary one—said to be made of cat's fur. The inkstick and bowl were provided by the laboratory assistant. So there was nothing unusual about any of them.

Mr. Miyake took a leaf at random from the package of paper provided, daubed the brush with the prepared ink, and began to write. He wrote a series of four Chinese characters, and up and down movements could be noticed but no other motion. (Chinese characters are written up and down). In this manipulation the brush is not supposed to come in direct contact with the paper. If it touched the paper the lines traced by its tip would be too large for microscopic writing. On this account Mr. Miyake never used a pen, he considers that a pen must always touch the paper in order to write.

The action of the brush seems to be as follows: When the brush is daubed in ink, the latter forms a small cone at the tip, hardened

at the outside, and a microscopic stream of ink fluid flows out from the capillary core of this temporary cone, which stream is utilized for producing these exceedingly fine lines.

Mr. Miyake used no glasses in the performance of this feat, and having identified with a magnifier the figures and the letters, the results of his work before the group, they were quite satisfied as to the genuineness of his production.

His work of a group of a hundred poets with a hundred poems is remarkable. He took great care in this exhibit, and tried to execute eyes, nose and mouth, which must have been exceedingly difficult owing to discontinuity of lines. The next time, when he makes another production, he intends to colour the dresses. (This Mr. Miyake evidently succeeded in doing in the examples discussed later in this article by Professor Pawlowski.)—ED.

Mr. Miyake makes certain statements as to his state of mind during the performance of the feat.

1. He uses his eyes simply to watch the ink flowing on the paper; as to the movements he does not use his eyes at all. It is his idea that if he had an instrument which discharged a microscopic stream of ink continually, he could write without his eyes opened.

2. In writing, he "imagines" large letters which seem to appear to mental vision.

3. He has a feeling that it is not by muscular movements that those letters are drawn or written, but by something that may be called "the power of man."

On one occasion Mr. Miyake did the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet, and to the eye these looked like a faint scratch of the pen, $9/32$ of an inch long. In other drawings what appear to the eye to be merely dots, resolve themselves, when magnified, into complicated Chinese characters of from four to ten strokes.

A composition of five hundred and nineteen characters, written out "in usual style" occupies an area roughly $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 4 inches. Each character has a number of strokes, in some cases as many as fifteen. The whole number of strokes would be about four thousand five hundred. Mr. Miyake's microscopic work on this composition occupies a space less than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long by $\frac{3}{16}$ inch wide, and within this are compressed at least four thousand strokes of the brush discernible under a rather strong glass.

In the one hundred poems reproduction, often used as a card game, the dresses of the poets are not exactly the same as in the original from which they are copied, but the general appearance is correct in each case—the essentials peculiar to dresses of kings and queens, court ladies, and gentlemen and priests being kept unchanged.

The hundred cards of the size used in the game, if placed with adjoining edges, make a sheet of 37 inches by $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This, made up of more strokes than can be estimated, is compressed by Mr. Miyake into a space less than $1\frac{1}{16}$ inch square.

So runs Dr. Shimomura's first story, and the Editor of the Journal adds :

The most significant feature of these remarkable exhibits is not the microscopic minuteness of the writing and the drawings, but that these were executed without the aid of a magnifying glass, by a man who possesses only normal eyesight. In fact, his testimony is that his vision is directed exclusively to the ink as it discharges from the brush. He "simply imagines" large letters which seem to appear in mental vision with the paradoxical result that he accomplishes writing microscopically small. He appears to have no consciousness of muscular movement, and apparently the extremely delicate muscular reactions are controlled by the sub-conscious.

PROFESSOR PAWLOWSKI'S ARTICLE.

Thanks to unusual kindness on the part of Dr. Kotaro Shimomura, with whom I have the pleasure and privilege of exchanging occasional observations on psychical phenomena, I was fortunate enough to obtain new specimens of Dr. Miyake's wonderful microscopic writing. These specimens are even more remarkable than those presented by Dr. Shimomura to the American Society for Psychical Research, and described in the April, 1925, issue of the Journal of the Society.

Mr. Kotaro Shimomura, D.Sc., B.Sc., F.C.S., President of Osaka Chemical Company, is a prominent scientist of long standing. He obtained his early scientific training in America, being a graduate of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute of the class of 1888. Before entering the field of industrial chemistry some years ago, he was Professor of Chemistry at the Imperial University of Kyoto, where one of his sons occupies a similar position at the present time.

Dr. Shimomura has been led to take an interest in the study of psychical phenomena by reading Sir William Crookes' accounts of his experiments with the medium Florence Cook. A group of his scientific friends, Professors of the Kyoto University, meet regularly at his house, to discuss matters pertaining to metapsychics and to experiment with the occasionally available media.

Dr. Sosen Miyake, a young practising physician (he is now thirty-two years of age), is a graduate of the Kyoto Imperial University, and was connected with it also for some time in the capacity of an assistant. He has average good eyesight and wears no glasses.

I wish to express to both these gentlemen my appreciation of the pains and trouble they have so kindly taken in order to provide me with all the material which I have the pleasure of describing below.

There is a collection of classics in Japanese literature consisting of one hundred brief poems by a hundred poets. The poets are ancient emperors, kings and queens, courtiers, knights and priests. These poems express various moods or beautiful thoughts and are very popular in the country; the children learn them from their

mothers. They are published both as a book and in the form of one hundred loose cards called "Utagaruta." Young girls use the book as a penmanship specimen book, practising handwriting by copying the poems. The cards are used by young folk for a social game consisting in the quick picking out of the proper cards, as soon as somebody starts to recite any one of the poems. Fig. 1 shows the book opened; it is $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $10\frac{1}{8}$ inches, the pages are printed from woodcuts, and it is a very fine example of old Japanese printing. Every page contains a poem and a picture of the poet or the poetess in some proper ceremonial dress, seated in Japanese fashion with the rich dress spread wide on the floor.

Dr. Miyake copied the one hundred poems on a single piece of paper within a space of $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches (29 mm. by 29 mm.). This manuscript differs from those in possession of the Empress of Japan and the American Society for Psychical Research in so far that on this occasion Dr. Miyake for the first time attempted to colour the dresses of the figures; this he has done gorgeously in four different colours. Fig. 2 shows the one hundred poems as copied by Dr. Miyake; and Fig. 3 one of the poems (N48) written separately, reproduced from the original microscopic writing. It is really hard to appreciate the beauty of the work from the photographic reproductions. The writing and the coloured figures appear to the best advantage when viewed through a lens magnifying about five times.

Dr. Miyake does this writing in a way still common in Japan and China, with a brush, using an ink shell rubbed in water in a flat stone dish. A second brush was used for the colours; they are the usual commercial brushes of the smaller type for very fine work, $\frac{3}{16}$ inch diameter by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

The writing is done on an extremely fine bamboo paper, "Chikushi." This paper is considerably thinner than the finest cigarette paper. Fig. 4 shows the position of Dr. Miyake's hands and the brush when at work.

Microphotographing of the minute manuscript, as Dr. Shimomura warned me, offered considerable difficulties. Under a strong magnification the surface of the paper is far from being smooth and with a lateral illumination the shadows of the lint on the paper blur the writing. Transmitted light made the paper tissue to appear as a heavy network blurring the writing even more; however, with the aid of the "Silverman Illuminator," manufactured by Ludwig Hommel & Company, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, it became possible to obtain quite satisfactory results. The "Silverman" illuminator is a ring circular lamp which can be fitted around the lens of the microscope in such a way as to give a diffused and shadow-free light.

By the courtesy of my university colleagues, I was able to use the facilities of the microphotographic laboratory of the Zoology Department, and thanks to the patience and skill of Mr. L. P. Schultz, the laboratory assistant, to obtain the photographs illustrating this report.

Fig. 5 shows part of the one hundred poems, of Fig. 2 magnified $5\frac{1}{2}$ times ; and Fig. 6 shows the single poem magnified twenty-eight times. The rendition of the microscopic letters and especially the figures is not as perfect as the full size print of the book, but it was perfectly easy to read them without difficulty, and the characters of the various personages were recognized by some of the Japanese students on the campus. When we, however, measure the dimensions of the individual strokes on the microphotographs, we arrive at the following astonishing results :

The lengths of many of the strokes in the Miyake manuscripts are from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 thousandths of an inch, and their thickness from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 thousandths of one inch.

The writing of all the one hundred poems required a considerable amount of time, and Dr. Miyake did the work probably at home, alone, however, the single poem was written by him in the presence of distinguished witnesses and the scene was photographed. (This photograph is in the hands of the Editor.) The persons who witnessed the writing are the following :

Mr. M. Chicashige, D.Sc., Professor of Chemistry (Kyoto Imperial University).

Mr. S. Imamura, M.D., Professor of Neurology (Kyoto Imperial University.)

Mr. T. Kawamura, D.Sc., Professor of Biology (Kyoto Imperial University.)

Mr. T. Harada, B.Sc., Assistant Professor of Analytical Chemistry (Kyoto Imperial University).

Mr. R. Ishinohe, B.Sc., Professor at a Kyoto High School.

Mr. M. Hino, Lecturer at Kyoto Imperial University.

Dr. S. Kajitani, engaged in Mental Therapy ; and

Dr. Kotaro Shimomura, with one of his sons.

The reality of Dr. Miyake's microscopic writing under such circumstances is beyond any doubt. However, for the benefit of the omnipresent clever and cute " fraud chasers," I wish to add this :

(1) If this microscopic writing were a result of photographic reduction of a full-size writing, then the characters and the figures would be very probably much more perfect.

(2) A photographic process could be easily discovered by the presence of the indispensable coating carrying the photo-sensitive material ; however, an examination of the writing under microscope, magnifying more than one hundred times, shows only a free surface of the woolly paper.

(3) The use of the four colours (red, yellow, green and blue), in addition to the black, would render the use of photography still " more impossible," if I may use this expression.

As to the particular state of mind or the conditions which enable Dr. Miyake to do this microscopic writing, I am trying to obtain from him, through Dr. Shimomura, more information than can be found in the above-mentioned report of " The A.S.P.R. Journal." Dr. Shimomura wrote me that, since Dr. Miyake does not see his



Fig. 1. The book of 100 poems from which Dr. Miyake copies, showing the position of figures and writing. This represents half the size of the original book.

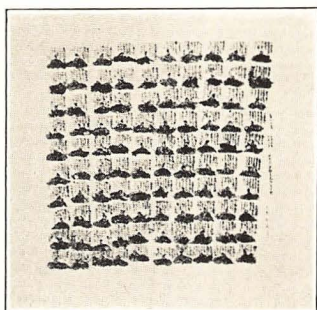


Fig. 2. The 100 poems as they appear in the microscopical writing.

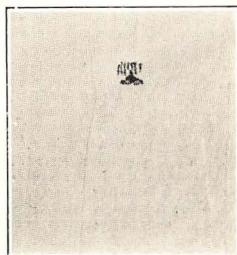


Fig. 3. Exact size of a single poem in the microscopical writing.



Fig. 6. The single poem (see Fig. 3) written in presence of witnesses. Magnified 28 times.

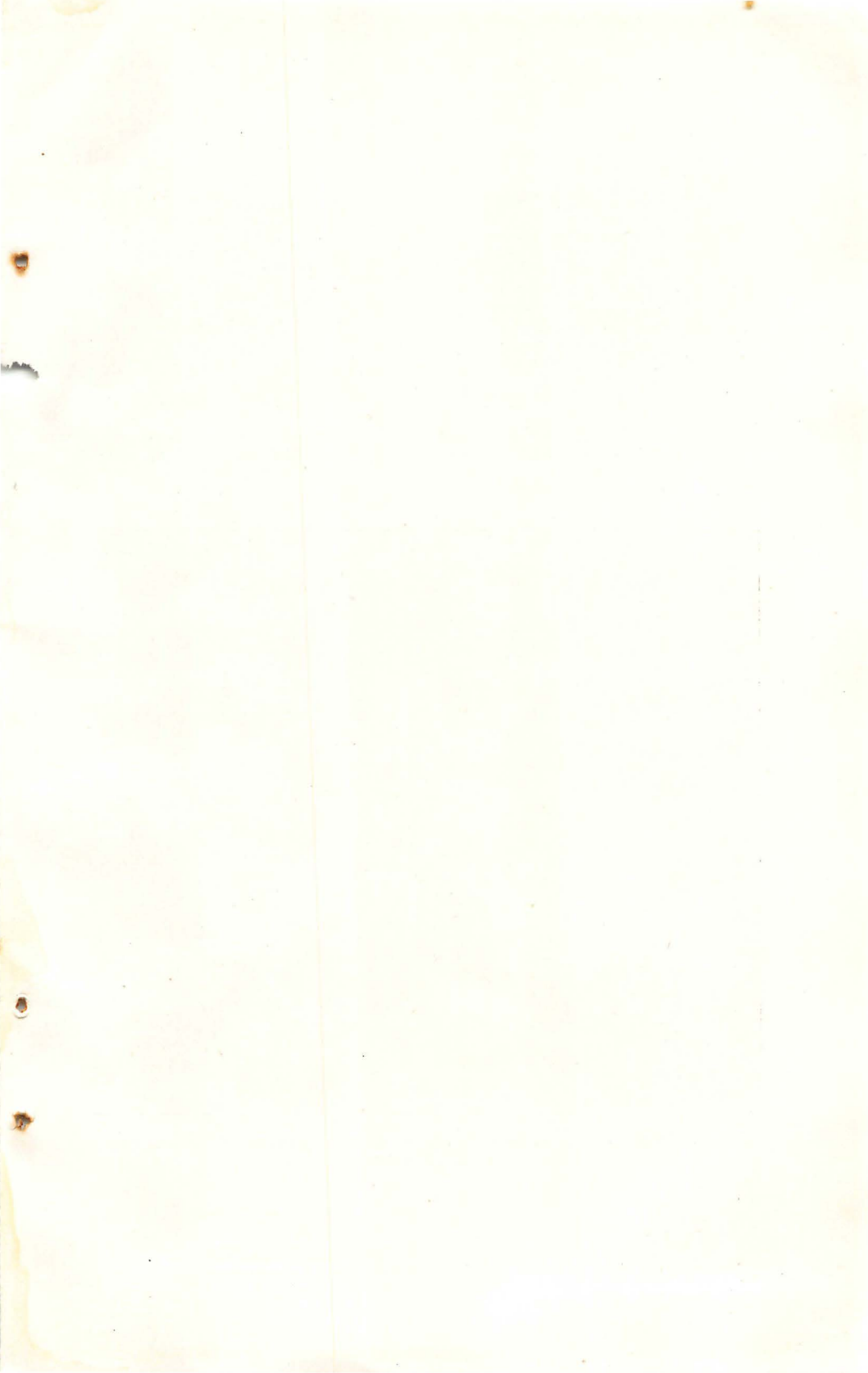




Fig. 5. Showing a section of Dr. Miyake's whole work, shown in Fig. 2, enlarged.

writing himself, he will propose to him next to do this kind of writing while blindfolded.

The works known in the Western World most nearly approaching the delicacy of those of Dr. Miyake are probably some of the mediæval minute manuscripts in which the monks of the Benedictine Order excelled. Probably one of the finest specimens of such a manuscript, which I have seen in the library of the University of Cracow in Poland, consists of the New Testament written on a piece of vellum of the size of an average sheet of notepaper. Inks of different colours have been used in such a way that the manuscript gives an impression of a coloured picture surrounded by an ornamental frame and representing the Crucifixion, Christ and the two thieves on the crosses. On a close examination with a magnifying lens it is possible, however, to see the close rows of letters covering horizontally and uniformly the whole area of the small sheet of vellum. The writing was done not with a fine steel pen, which did not exist then, but with a quill.

Regarding the relation of Dr. Miyake's wonderful gift or faculty to psychic phenomena, it seems to me that there may be a relation. Already Professor Richet is inclined to think that an artist's inspiration enabling him to produce works of art is a psychic phenomenon. Psychology and physiology alone, at the present time, cannot explain satisfactorily the necessary co-ordination of the functioning of mind and of the complicated and flexible links with the human limbs, producing the extreme precision of motions, necessary to produce an artistic drawing or a painting. The same thing could be said also with respect to the extraordinary precision of motions and the evaluation of time and space in connection with the performances of some of the astounding feats of acrobats and jugglers. I understand also that the marksmanship of certain sharpshooters is better than the accuracy of fire of the same gun fixed rigidly when fired in a heavy stand on a solid foundation.

Certainly Dr. Miyake's writing, consisting of strokes only a few thousandths of one inch in length, falls in the same category.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

February, 1926.

PSYCHIC EPISODES IN INDIA.

By Major C. C. Colley

(The following lecture was given by Major Colley at the British College on November 25, 1925, and is a continuation of the matter previously reported in PSYCHIC SCIENCE in the issues of April and October, 1925.)

ON September 15, 1905, I was ordered to India. I was a young subaltern at the time, and was looking forward to this new military life, as it was my first visit to India. My father had been out there as a Chaplain in the Navy, and had many psychic experiences. I was naturally keen, therefore, to test the Eastern mystics and study their religion and their science.

Among my friends, upon whom I called to say "Good-bye," was a certain lady medium with whom I had experienced very wonderful phenomena. Her "control" was a young Red Indian who passed over two hundred years ago, called "White Dove."

How often one meets with mediums who have Red Indian "guides." Both my father and myself used to say that this seemed to be a "pose" among mediums. They seem always to have a "White Wolf" or a "Black Hawk," or some similar name. This, however, is not a pose, and my father attributed it to the fact that the Red Indian tribes of the last century were spiritualists in the true sense of the term, having their mediums—"witch-doctors"—and believed and studied the occult sciences in some form. It is natural, therefore, that many "controls" of the present day are the spirits of Red Indians.

Here, then, was "White Dove," and when I first met her she was certainly controlled by my grandfather, a big man, over six feet high, and with a very deep bass voice (she usually spoke with a high falsetto voice); but my point is this: I came unexpectedly to say "Good-bye," and "White Dove," when I asked her if she could tell me anything about the place where I was going, said, "Oh, you are in for a poor time. You are going to a Major, such an angry man"; and she proceeded to describe the man and mentioned that he begrudged giving his officers any leave. In fact, that I was going to have an unpleasant life apparently from the time I joined the battery until I obtained official leave when it was due to me by regulations. I took this more or less as a joke, as I

thought it impossible, so I said, "Well, 'White Dove,' can you tell me how I shall know, or if ever I shall be in the good books of this Major of mine?" and she said, "I am sorry to tell you that you will start off very badly because you will arrive about two weeks after you are due to join your Battery; this will not be a good introduction, and in addition you will find it very hard to get this fact overlooked by him." "Well, can you give me any sign?" I asked. She paused, and then said, "You will be able to know by this sign—he will turn round and point to a black picture over a piano."

I must now tell you the custom of subalterns in those days.

I did not know who this Major was at that time, although she described him very excellently, as I found out afterwards. We subalterns kept "a black list," compiled from mutual experience of Majors in general and the bad ones in particular, with a black line under their names in the Army List; so, when I got back to Mess, I told my friends that I was going to India, and we brought out this subalterns' "Guide to Knowledge," and went down the list of Majors in the Artillery. At last we came to one Major who had actually two black lines under his name! and of course he was commanding a Battery in India short of full complement of subalterns.

To make a long story short, there happened to be a subaltern in the Mess at that time who said to me, "If it is ——— (mentioning of course this double-lined Major's name), I am sorry for you Colley, because I paid to exchange from that Battery, and not only paid a fellow's passage home, but gave him a bonus as well to take my place!"

"White Dove" also said (and this is an interesting test), "You will meet a man when you get to India, named Captain R——. Will you please tell him from me that he is going to be moved very near to, or will be stationed with, you. Do tell him, because he is a married man with children, and naturally he would like to have news that he is going to a new station so that he can get accommodation. Write to him as soon as you land in India and can find out where he is."

Now to return to my Major—he passed over during the war, so if he is listening to me he will confirm everything I say!—One thing I will say for him, he was an extraordinarily good gunner, and those under him forgave much because he was such an excellent soldier, and lived for the efficiency of his Battery.

However, in a month's time an order was received from the War Office that I was to join a certain Battery, and of course that Battery was commanded by the Major with the two black lines! I did not know this, therefore, until long after the prediction, so "White Dove" could not have read my mind; and therefore this is a good test to show that "White Dove" had a pre-vision of what was going to happen at least two months ahead, and absolutely correct in detail, as I propose now to show. She must have been able

actually to see that Major living in the middle of India, as he then was, and described him so perfectly that when I saw him I recognized the man. As I say, I was posted to India, and had to join on a certain date. Under circumstances, however, over which I had no control, I was unable at the last minute to accept the passage in the troopship which was reserved by the War Office for me, and therefore I had to take passage in another ship, which would cause a delay of two weeks in my arrival! To begin with, therefore, from force of circumstances alone, "White Dove's" prophecy that I should be two weeks late seemed about to be fulfilled, and I arrived in Colombo exactly two weeks late. I want to mention that I sent my heavy baggage by the troopship to Bombay, and travelled like an ordinary civilian tourist, buying my Indian kit on the journey.

I arrived at my military station about 6 o'clock at night, just before dinner. I ascertained from conversation in the Mess that it was only too true that the Major was all that had been reported of him. After dinner I went very gingerly across to my Major's bungalow. His wife sat opposite me in the drawing room while my failings were fully discussed. What made things much worse was that my Battery was soon going up to camp for gunnery practice. It was a month's march, and I did not know any of my men. I would have to know my N.C.O's and men's names, and the numbers of two hundred horses, which is necessary for a subaltern before he goes to practice camp with a new Battery, and this naturally made the Major more angry than ever. However, I used all the tact at my command, in an effort to let the furnace lessen into a gentle blaze. After a while he offered me some coffee and seemed more or less subdued; then he turned round and said: "Look here, Colley, you want a bungalow, don't you? Well, my wife has got to go to England, and I am thinking of giving up this bungalow and living in Mess. You can have this bungalow, and you are a jolly lucky fellow. It is a delightful place, but I must keep it on in my own name." In an Indian station they have a system whereby you put your name down for a house and take your turn in order of seniority; so I had to agree to the following proposal—I should take over the bungalow and pay him an enhanced rental; he would keep the bungalow in his own name; and, "In addition," he said, "you will have to buy the furniture." Of course I thought it best to agree under the circumstances, and he suggested there and then my taking an inventory. So I got a pencil and piece of paper, and he said "We will take this room first," and we made out a detailed list. Judge of my surprise when he pointed to an etching over the piano, saying, "You will have to take all the pictures; there is that print over the piano there; it is quite a good one, and you will have to pay rather a lot for *that*." "That" was certainly "*a black picture*," and I had to pay a lot for it; but it was worth it, because it was a proof that "White Dove's" "sign" had come true and that I really had got into my Major's good books.

II.

For my next episode I must take you back to my arrival in India, or Ceylon. When I landed at Colombo I thought that since I was so late I might as well "be sold for a sheep as a lamb!" so I visited one or two places, stayed a day in Madras, and ultimately arrived at Bombay, and was informed for the first time where I was to be stationed. Directly I stepped out of the train at Bombay as a private individual, a very venerable old fakhir threw himself on the ground and greeted me as "the son of an illustrious father." My interpreter at this time was my bearer, whom I had hired at Colombo, so I said to this man, "How does he know anything about my father?" and the old man pulled out a little faded and torn photograph of my father. I asked him again, through the interpreter, how he got it, and ascertained that it was a frontispiece of one of my father's books published with his photograph. But it seems that this old fakhir was able to sense the fact that the son of this father was arriving, and he had taken the trouble—not to meet the troopship—but had waited a fortnight. My name would probably have been seen on my heavy baggage, and yet it would appear that the fact that I had not arrived by troopship did not mislead the fakhir, who probably was able to foresee my later arrival as a private individual by ordinary train some days afterwards.

He was obviously a very holy man; the crowd surged very reverently round him and paid him every sort of respect, and in a very English way I offered him a rupee, but he courteously gave it back to me, and said, "No, Sahib; I accept no money from you, and we meet again in two days."

I will now leave him, and take you back to my arrival in the Mess, just before I went to interview my Major.

In the course of conversation after dinner, a brother subaltern whom I had met before said, "I don't see where you are going to sleep. We are short of rooms in Mess, so we will give you a 'shake-down' to-night somewhere; but I think you and I might share a little bungalow just up the road. There are only two rooms in it, but it will do until you can get other accommodation." So it was arranged that the next day we should bargain for this bungalow, and then go into residence there until we went to camp. The next morning, after parade, we rode round to the bungalow, and just as I was getting out of the saddle, my friend the old fakhir rose up from the ground to hold the pony. My brother subaltern was bewildered, and said, "Dash it, Colley; now I remember, this fellow has been hanging about here for a long time. Two months ago he was here, and actually told me that one day I would come to this bungalow with another English Sahib and live here!"

This again is another instance of pre-vision. The fakhir, time and again, as I afterwards proved, was able to foretell events—sometimes weeks ahead—that would take place, and he did it in a most modest and pleasant way. The result was that I naturally

gave him sanctuary in the compound where I lived, and ultimately he became the keeper of that compound. The Battery carpenter built him a little hut, and he lived there until I left India.

III.

We were going to camp in a month's time, and were very busy preparing for this march. I was new to my section of men and horses. About this time also the new 18-pounder guns had arrived in India, and we were the first Battery to be armed with them, so I had to be very busy teaching my section the details of this (then) new equipment.

To add to the anxieties of my first week, I received a cable from my father. The message read: "Your life is in danger; take care of ammunition. Father." I knew that my father was a level-headed man and would not go to the expense of sending a cable to give me the unpleasant news that my life was in danger unless he had some good reason for doing so. I assumed, therefore, that I must take the usual precautions when firing with new equipment, and dismissed the matter from my mind as much as I could.

The Battery had been ordered by the War Office to carry out travelling trials with the new equipment; that is, one mile walk, one mile trot, and so on; the object being to test the wheels. A gun wheel was usually made of ash, but a teak wheel had been designed for Indian service and there was doubt as to whether they were strong enough to stand up to the weight of the new gun. In order to carry out the test, one section of two guns was detailed off to go a day's march ahead of the rest of the Battery, and I was to take charge of these trials. Two days prior to these trials my Major, without any apparent reason, asked me if I would like five days' leave, saying I could join my section at Sanger—three days' march from Jubblepore. It was most extraordinary; this man, who was reputed never to have given leave before, voluntarily offers me five days' leave! I naturally accepted the offer, and went back to Mess and told the others, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, while I, fresh from England, was to have a few days in the Hills near Bombay.

In due course I arrived at Bombay on leave, while my section started off on its march. Three days later, when I was sitting in my hotel, I read in the paper that a gun of my Battery had blown up, owing—it was supposed—to the ammunition becoming unstable in the steel limber boxes. The explosion killed three horses, and seriously injured one driver. It was one of my guns. My father's cable was the outcome of a message received from my mother, to take care of "ammunition." This, I maintain, is proof positive of the phenomenon of pre-vision. Had I been with my section, I would have been watching the behaviour of the gun wheels over the rough ground, and received the full force of the explosion.

In due course, after an absence of three months—a month marching up, another month in camp, and a month coming back—

we arrived at our station, tired and glad to get back. All were looking forward to our official leave.

I was sitting in the Mess at the time when I noticed that a new veterinary officer had joined the Brigade. I greeted him, and when I knew his name, I immediately apologized! He was the friend of "White Dove." He knew her medium very well. He was a married man, with a family, lately stationed in Northern India, and had been posted to my station. I had forgotten to look him up in the Indian list to give him "White Dove's" message. What a lot of anxiety and expense this would have saved him had I remembered the message, "Look up Captain R—, and warn him that he may come to your station."

To summarize, therefore, there were four facts that "White Dove" told me: The account of my arrival; the reception I received at the hands of the irate Major, the sign to be given me of the black picture; and, lastly, the message about Captain R—, and the scarcity of accommodation for his family.

I want to give the name of that medium, and I hope she will not mind. It is Mrs. Fairclough Smith; and I take this opportunity of placing it on record in order that I may convey to her, and to "White Dove" my grateful thanks for such guidance.

IV.

I will now relate the most astounding episode of my Indian career, and preface my remarks by saying that almost every subaltern who arrives in India goes shooting, and hopes soon to get his first tiger. I see a big game hunter is present in my audience, and I would like him to hear the extraordinary way I was allowed to shoot my first tiger.

I had hitherto been unable even to see a tiger, because, having only just come out to India, I was unable to hire those jungles which were known to contain tigers, and I therefore had to make shift with a very poor jungle where it was only possible to get rough shooting such as sambur or black buck. Never in the memory of the local natives had a tiger been in the jungle I was forced to take. I was naturally a little disappointed about this, but made the best of it by having rough shooting. The fakhir knew of my ambition, and beckoned to me one day, and said, "Sahib; say nothing to anyone. Ride by yourself to-day. Let me hold on to your stirrup leather; you will shoot a tiger in your jungle." I started off that afternoon; there was no chance of any preparation whatever, and the old man of seventy had to go very slowly. We were met by the local Shikari at a village near, who showed great reverence for my fakhir, and ultimately we persuaded him to buy us a goat. It may seem foolish that we had to buy a goat in this village, and I felt particularly so as I led the goat and the old fakhir out, with the villagers saying that "A tiger has never been known to be in that jungle."

The rules and regulations of tiger shooting are that you put a

"kill" in the jungle on one night, and when it has been attacked, the tiger comes again on the next night, and you shoot him if you can. However, we got this poor goat and tied it to a tree, and the old fakhir said, "Get up that tree." I had no platform or machan to lie on, and had to be perched in a fork of the tree not higher than this ceiling; then the fakhir said, "Now I am going." I leave you to imagine what I felt like. The holy man had gone to the village, and I was left alone, for the first time, in an Indian jungle for the whole night. I think it proves my personal conviction of the truth of spiritualism, and it put me to a great test of my faith. Everything seemed so weird and lonely. I could see nothing, and I was almost hoping that a tiger would not come. All I could hear were the startled rushes of wild animals and the bleating of the goat. Thus I sat until nearly daylight, when, sure enough, I saw a black form spring out. There was a muffled scream from the goat, and I fired into the tumult, and that is all. Then that awful silence! I did not know what had happened. I waited on as best I could. Of course sleep was impossible as I was so cramped. But day at last dawned, and I was glad to see the old fakhir, the Shikari and about seven beaters arrive. But here, on the ground, a short distance away, lay dead my first tiger, eight feet long, almost a record size for that portion of the Central Provinces; and the first tiger that had ever been shot in that particular jungle within the memory of the oldest villager.

Naturally the first thing I did was to send a native to fetch my subaltern friend, and tell him to bring some breakfast. The news of the shoot spread through the Mess like wildfire. So we had our breakfast and then examined and measured the tiger. Now I relate the most marvellous psychic phenomenon of the whole episode. My subaltern friend suggested that we should photograph the wonderful event. So we laid out the tiger by a fallen tree, and it was suggested that the fakhir should sit in the centre of the group in the place of honour. He protested, saying that it was against his principles to be photographed, and therefore I did not press him to do so, but my friend was much more insistent. He got hold of this poor old man and actually lifted him, and placed him down on the ground, holding him between his knees with both his hands on the fakhir's shoulders, keeping him in position. I took out of my pocket my own ordinary Kodak $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate roll film camera and took a photograph of this group, and thought no more about the matter until a week later when the film came back printed and developed by a firm in Bombay. That portion of the film where the fakhir ought to have been was empty. ———, my friend, who was portrayed as using a great effort to hold down something, was holding down *nothing*, and where the body of the fakhir ought to have been, was so transparent that you could actually see the bark or shape of the tree. Many people will say that we were hypnotized, but there is the photograph to prove that the fakhir in any case made himself invisible on the photographic film.

(A lively discussion followed the lecture, and the following notes of a few of the questions and answers may be of interest to readers.)

Question : Is it possible that this old fakhir was not in front of the camera, but had hypnotized the persons to think he was ?

Answer : I don't think that it is possible ; because the fakhir himself did not wish it, so I was rather diffident, as I say, in forcing him, but my friend was insistent and *carried him*. An Englishman is not supposed to touch a holy man, and the natives almost mobbed us. Dozens were witnessing the scene of the old man being carried, and were highly indignant with us, and we had to persuade them to let us lift the old man into his place.

Question : I am rising now as a big game hunter. The fact that the Major used a goat to attract a tiger makes it much more laughable, as you have to tie up a buffalo. I took a photograph of a fakhir in his garden once, and through his body you can see part of one of the trees.

I spent many nights in the Indian jungles myself, waiting for big game.

I would like to know whether this fakhir spoke English or whether Major Colley learned Hindustani.

One other point. I was once in the Central Provinces, and was told there was a fakhir living in a tree near, said to have a power over wild animals, so I thought I would test him. I told my man to tell him to catch me a monkey. I said he must get me a young one as a pet. The next day he brought me one, but he wouldn't tell me how he got it.

Answer : The first point is the goat. After buying my Major's furniture at a big price, I was a very poor man. A goat was much cheaper ; and, apart from that, the fakhir gave those instructions. In any case I wouldn't like to lead a buffalo by myself ! You remember the fakhir insisted on my going alone with him.

As far as Hindustani is concerned, we mutually agreed to learn each other's language ; he learned a bit of English and I learned a bit of Hindustani ; and you know how soon one picks up a language sufficiently to be understood ; there was also a considerable amount of thought transference between us.

Question : May I ask was the whole of " White Dove's " prophecy correct, or were there some things that went wrong, and you picked out the successful ones ?

Answer : In this instance, as to my journey to India, it turned out as I have said, absolutely correct, and she did not go wrong in the least ; but sometimes, at other séances (she was rather a frivolous little thing and used to make jokes) she would not take things seriously ; but seventy-five per cent. of facts that she gave me eventually proved correct.

Question : Do you think some spirit controlled your Major to act as he did with the picture ?

Answer : I don't think that any spirit could have guided my Major to point to the picture. I am convinced, knowing my Major as I did, that it is an instance of pre-vision. In fact, that "White Dove" foresaw something that was actually to take place, as a sign to me that all was well. Perhaps the spirits were using every effort to make him more amenable towards me. They may have seen the danger I was to be placed in by the explosion of the gun limber, and so made him do so unnatural a thing as to offer me leave for what might certainly have been a fatal period as far as my life was concerned.

Question : Was the tiger a normal tiger when you came to skin it? Have you got the skin?

Answer : The skin was dressed by a good firm in Bombay. I used it all through my Indian life in my bungalow. The only unfortunate part of it is, I was ordered to England very suddenly, and I think that everyone knows that some tourists will pay a very heavy price for tiger skins. When my baggage arrived in England the skin was missing. I had to leave the packing of my skins, etc., to natives, without the personal supervision I should otherwise have made. I should like to say, with regard to the photograph of the tiger, that when I showed it to the fakhir he did not in any way treat it as a joke, but was obviously glad to think that he had succeeded in making himself invisible. He explained at great length how sorry he was that he could not reciprocate by giving me a photograph of himself, especially as he had a photograph of my father. He said, "If I could only get myself photographed I would willingly do it, but I cannot, because it is against my caste or religion."

We were sitting round a fire during this conversation, and the only person present was my bearer as interpreter. (Naturally, after a while, my bearer became a spiritualist and carried on experiments with me.) We were trying to catch this fakhir out, as it were, and were using test after test. He was a very high-caste Brahmin, and very anxious to prove the reality of all that he and I had seen together. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and he had been cooking over the fire. He said, "Sahib, I cannot tell you how all things are done, but I know that if I have sufficient faith, and if my religion tells me I must not be photographed, I cannot be photographed. For instance, I can't explain how I do this, but I know that fire won't burn me"; and he thereupon took up some red hot embers. He heaped them up so much that they were falling off his two hands; and he said, "It is because I have faith that they will not burn me." To prove his contention, I said, "If I have enough faith, can I hold these embers?" He looked at me hard, and my bearer came close to me in alarm, and I held out my hands. The fakhir replied, "Will you promise to do it, and believe you can do it?" I asked, "Am I hypnotized by you?" He said, "No, but do not hesitate. Quick!" I took the embers in both hands. "Keep hold of them," he said, "they are not burning you." I

held them for about thirty seconds. Then he said, " Now, gently ; gently. Do you feel a little heat ? " and I began to feel heat, and dropped the red hot embers on the grass. The grass was dry, and immediately caught fire.

If you will read my father's accounts of similar phenomena, you will see a case in which exactly the same thing happened. In his house in Gower Street he took the fire from the grate, under the medium Monck's directions. He records this fact in " The Medium and Daybreak " in or about 1873.

Colonel Johnson mentioned the fact that at a sitting some ten or twelve years ago Mrs. de Crespigny held live coals in her hands. The medium was talking under control in a language that no one understood.

Another member of the audience, Mr. Percival, mentioned that he had the good fortune to have a series of sittings with D. D. Home. He said, " I saw the fire test on several occasions. On one occasion there was a large fire in a private drawing room, and Home knelt down before the fire and cleared away all the black embers in front until there was a clear fire of red embers ; he was entranced. He put his hand into the fire and took out a piece about 2 inches long, perfectly red hot. He had very fluffy hair, considerably raised above his head. He took this hot coal and put it into the middle of his hair. I was close to him, but did not notice the slightest smell of singeing of any kind. There were about six persons present, and Home went round the circle holding this red hot coal, and asked us if any would have the coal in their hands, and one person did. I said I wished to have it, but Mr. Home did not leave it in my hand, but he held it so that it was in the palm of my hand for a short time. I felt a warmth, but that was all. There was no heat. The coal was still quite red hot. Then he laid it on a newspaper, and the newspaper burst into flame and had to be thrown at once on the fire."

A member who had visited Japan said : " They have the fire test in Japan every year. Directly the four initiates walk over the fire the rest of the populace follow, and, with full faith, are able apparently to do the same."

Another member : " I saw exactly the same thing in Haiti. I was sceptical, but I saw the initiates and populace walk over the burning logs."

A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Major Colley for his valuable and interesting lecture.

THE "MARGERY" CASE.

IN our last issue we gave space to certain alleged shortcomings in Mr. Malcolm Bird's book. Whatever the criticisms which may be levelled against the author, either in respect of style or accuracy, we think there will be a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Bird has acquitted himself very successfully in his rejoinder to the findings of the Harvard Committee, and has been able in a marked degree to throw the onus of defence upon the group of professors who were responsible for the report. His article, written as the responsible Research Officer of the American Society for Psychic Research, will be found in their Journal for December last. It is entitled "The latest 'Margery' 'Exposure.'" His presumption is that the "exposure"—as detailed in Mr. Hoagland's article in the "Atlantic Monthly," for November, 1925 (page 666) has completely failed to establish any presumption against the validity of Mrs. Crandon's mediumship. He admits the ability of Mr. Hoagland's article as a presentation of the professors' case, his accuracy and his frankness in setting forth what it was his colleagues had planned to do; why they wanted to do it; how they set about it; the results they got, and the verdict they reached. But Mr. Hoagland was not the dominant member of the group, and it is the evidence of Mr. Code that is crucial in this matter. The basic idea of the investigators seems to have been that the phenomena were the result of the species of hypnosis in which the element of auto-suggestion was active. Dr. Crandon's interest would supply the motive force for the working of this, and this force would galvanize a semi-hypnotic impersonation of a deceased brother "Walter," in whose real existence they might or might not themselves believe. A sitting was arranged and the observations were to be made on this agreed hypothesis. It was expected to be either a total blank (since means of excluding fraud were adopted) or else there must be a spontaneous substitution of other means of fraud leading to *unaccustomed* phenomena. But to their amazement the sitting led to neither of these issues: it turned out a brilliant performance. Code afterwards tried to explain to his colleagues all that had happened as the result of a prior interview with "Margery," in which he had, with her permission, consulted "Walter," who "came through" whilst Mrs. Crandon was in trance, and he explained to "Walter" certain reasons why he wished to avoid a blank sitting. He said that he and "Walter" agreed upon means whereby Code should assist "Walter" in the production of fraudulent phenomena on a sufficient scale to make the sitting a success. He claimed a promise of secrecy from Mrs. Crandon, who, in loyalty to this, is said to have denied the interview.

Mrs. Crandon, on the other hand, denies the truth of Code's story altogether, saying that she turned down his proposal and he left the house. Both have made affidavits.

"It is extremely difficult to me," says Mr. Bird, "to believe that either Code or 'Margery' is deliberately lying about this item; yet one of them is obviously carrying a desperate lie to the last desperate ditch." Assuming, for his argument's sake, that Code's story is true, and that he secured 'Walter's' assent to the production of fraudulent phenomena, Mr. Bird concludes that Code had permitted fraud, aided in fraud, followed and observed the fraud, and afterwards reported it; thus leading his colleagues to their conclusion that the phenomena were entirely "normal" in their physical production.

One has only to refer to Hoagland's article to see that this story of the connivance of "Walter" in the scheme of fraud planned by the sitter is accepted as "the ultimate and final bit of evidence for the natural means of production." In his record, Mr. Code's action is defended as an effort to help "Walter" to prevent the coming séance from being a blank, in order to avoid a catastrophe at the time. The catastrophe so dreaded was the absence of any phenomena which could be used to support the prearranged hypothesis. This would have been a catastrophe perhaps for the professors, but we should have thought—a remediable one. It was not consideration for Mrs. Crandon that suggested this course. What scientific value could emerge from a sitting "cooked" in this way perhaps only the professorial mind can understand. To the plain and honest enquirer there would seem none. Obviously, too, there occurs the question whether Mr. Code, after this serious admission, can be accepted as an honourable witness, and we think that his action whilst interesting to conjurers (he himself is a "clever magician") goes far to vitiate the serious or scientific value in the whole proceeding.

We would say advisedly that in accepting and adopting evidence of this nature from one of their own group, the Harvard Committee have, in the eyes of judges, prepared to be impartial if not sympathetic, shown themselves morally and intellectually unqualified to pronounce any public verdict on the "Margery" Case.

We cannot, with our English standards of honour, conceive how such a course could be approved by men of character and culture, nor how, even if the motive were good and disinterested, there could be any measure of expediency or usefulness in such a course. We think that it is the Harvard professors and not the Crandons who are in the position of defendants here. We therefore propose to allow Dr. Crandon space for a personal explanation of certain other matters on which he and Mrs. Crandon have been the object of public criticism. His statements are in part an answer to certain matters we printed in our last number, and in which we were anxious to rectify any possible injustice to Dr. McDougall and Dr. W. F. Prince. We print this as we printed the last, as wishing to maintain the principle *audi alteram partem*.

"After the explicit judicial summary and record of the 'Margery' Case published in PSYCHIC SCIENCE in July, 1925, it is disconcerting and unusual to find this Journal publishing the complaints of Drs. McDougall and Prince editorially as if they were facts. From our side of the water it seems as if controversial matters might better remain in the form of the original letters. . . . The criticisms of these gentlemen are concerning unessential details.

"1. Every statement in the PSYCHIC SCIENCE editorial article of July, 1925, was accurate and true. Every statement of importance was backed by a signed document.

"2. Mr. Bird's book is essentially accurate and there is no misstatement in the book which is more than a lapse of the tongue. There is none that has any bearing on the occurrences or quality of the psychic phenomena.

"3. Houdini forbade the Committee to search his box. This was in the hearing of Munn, Comstock and Prince. At that moment Comstock, in the presence of the other two gentlemen and the psychic and her friends, officially repudiated the box as a Committee box, because Houdini would not allow it to be searched. This is in the records of that meeting. Houdini finished his refusal with this lachrymose statement: 'She has sat in that box! Rather would I sink it to the bottom of the sea than let anyone else sit there.'

"4. Bird was directed to write the 'Scientific American' articles by his publisher, and stopped doing so as soon as his Committee ordered him. He was Secretary of the 'Scientific American' Committee.

"5. Dr. McDougall in fact, as stated in your 'Quarterly' of January, 1926, jumped into the public Press with an article on 'Margery.' This apparently is quite in accord with his idea of the dignified procedure proper to a professor at Harvard. Others at Harvard have recently followed his worthy example.

"In marked distinction to this undignified effort to reach the ears of the untrained and unthinking newspaper reader, is the behaviour of those in charge of the mediumship. Their reports, always descriptive and constructive, have appeared consistently in the Journal of the American S.P.R. For these reports the reader is referred to that Journal for March, April, July and December, 1925. Attention is further called to a book by Dr. Mark W. Richardson and five other students of the case, which will shortly appear. This little book deals mostly with relations of the mediumship to a group at Harvard College, who had a few sittings. This group consisted of one instructor in English, two assistants in English and one graduate student in Psychology, all under thirty years of age, who had, all told, eight sittings. From time to time they invited two or three professors in to one or more sittings. Having made an agreement that no one should publish any of these sittings, these young men

proceeded, nevertheless, to do so, and in a popular magazine at that. They went still further, indeed, and with total disregard of the laboratory method, their report is narrative only, without quotation or reference to the signed dictaphonic notes, which are a true and complete account of everything that happened. These notes will be in the forthcoming book.

"In brief, the reaction of academic and scientific minds up to the present has been a repetition of what mediums have endured throughout history. There is a radical and fortunate difference in the conduct of this case, namely: Signed notes of all that happened are given to the medium's friends before a second sitting. The medium has always a friend present, who must share in every experience which reaches the dictaphone. The intellectual prevaricator finds himself 'hoist by his own dictaphonic notes. His struggles to escape are like those of the fly on the flypaper. The more he explains, the more spleen he exhibits, the tighter he is held to the paper document. The time has come in the history of this mediumship for a line-up between honest men and intellectual cowards. The band-wagon is moving too fast for the opportunist to jump aboard.

"L. R. G. CRANDON."

Since receiving the above from Dr. Crandon, the book by Dr. Richardson, mentioned by him has reached us. It is entitled "Margery—Harvard—Veritas," and summarizes the arguments and facts in a way that can leave but little doubt in the mind of the reader. It is intended that this shall be broadcast over the U.S.A., and the statement for the medium and her friends, which it contains should help materially in counteracting that bad impression left by the Harvard Report in the "Atlantic Monthly."

MISS G. DOROTHY CUMMINS

(The writer of "The Chronicle of Cleophas").

By the Hon. Secretary.

[The excellent likeness of Miss Cummins which appears in the present issue, through the kindness of Mrs. Dora Head's gift of portraiture, will be welcomed by those readers who have followed, by means of the articles by Mr. Bligh Bond in the last issue of *PSYCHIC SCIENCE*, and in other publications, the unique mediumistic contribution which has been made by Miss Cummins. The "Chronicle" may provide a cogent answer to the reported attack to be made on psychic activities by the Roman Catholic Church, which indicts these as injurious to the Christian religion. Here we have writings reported to be early Christian Chronicles, brought through this cultured and unassuming Irish woman, who has apparently become a channel for the use of some great soul. I am glad to remember that for some time Miss Cummins was associated with us at the College, through her Ouija-Board and Automatic Writing—work in itself extremely valuable, and preceding and moving alongside the greater work.

Miss G. D. Cummins was born in Cork. Her father was the late Professor Ashley Cummins, M.D., well known for his work for medical education in Ireland. She was educated privately and brought up in the country. She has quite an athletic past, having played hockey for Ireland when she was eighteen, and has been an expert tennis player. She wrote (in collaboration with S. R. Day) two Irish peasant plays which were produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, by the "Irish Players," and one of them was produced at the Court Theatre, London. She is the author of an Irish peasant novel (published by McMillan in 1919), called "The Land They Loved." She has also written short articles on the drama, etc., for various newspapers. When she writes consciously her work is very slow and laborious. A couple of days sometimes being occupied in writing an article of six or seven hundred words.

Normally Miss Cummins has no knowledge beyond what could be obtained from reading the Bible (of which she was never a student) of the early history of Christianity. She has no knowledge of Greek, Hebrew or Latin. Such a document might by some be attributed to arace memory, but her people have lived in Ireland many hundreds of years. Her grandfather, Sir Arthur Aylmer (the oldest baronetage in Ireland), was a learned Greek scholar, but so far as is known none of her ancestors were clergymen or connected with the East.

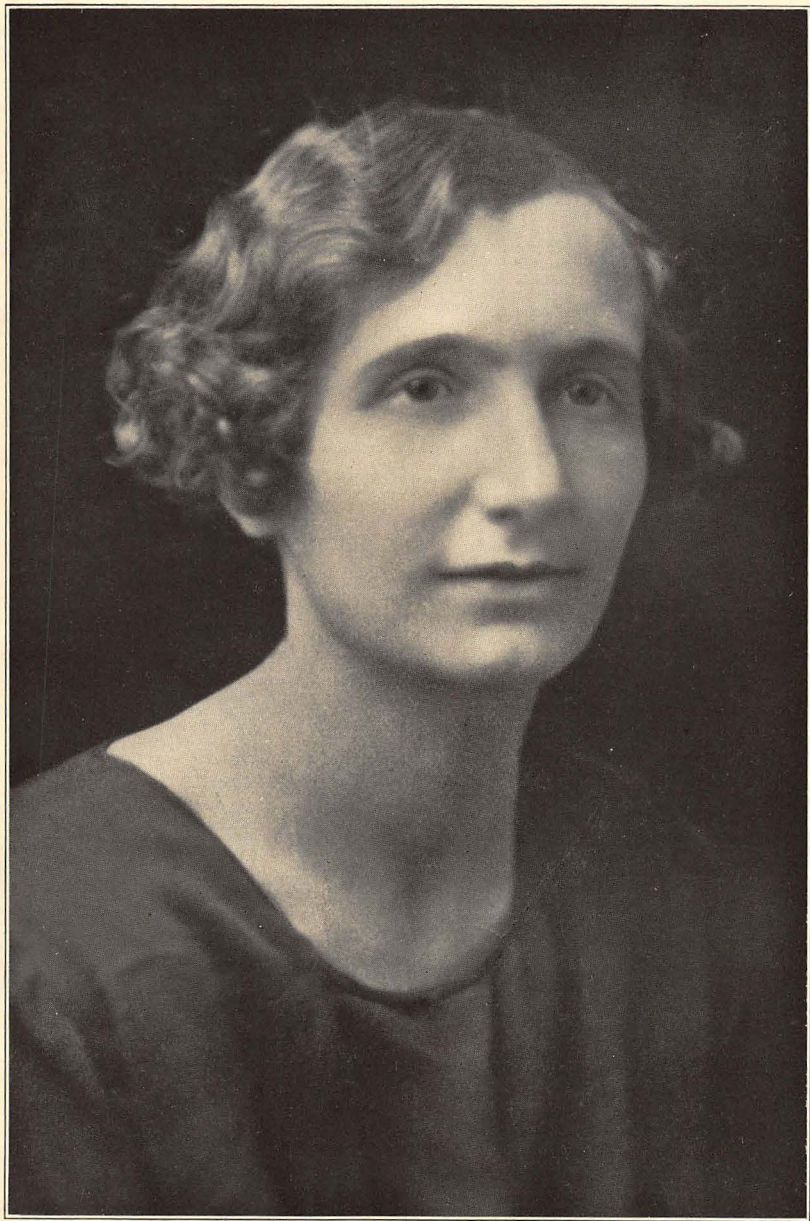


Photo by Dora Head]

[126, Holland Park Avenue, W.11

Miss G. DOROTHY CUMMINS,
Writer of the "Cleophas" Script.

A LIVING MAN COMMUNICATES THROUGH A MEDIUM.

**REMARKABLE EVIDENCE OBTAINED BY MR. S. G. SOAL
AT THE BRITISH COLLEGE.**

Notes by the Hon. Principal, J. Hewat McKenzie.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the recorded history of Psychical Research I find a limited number of cases in which a medium has apparently been controlled by the spirit of a living individual, such individual appearing to be quite unconscious that he has communicated in this way.

One of the most striking of such cases has been put on record by a College member from experiments conducted at the College through the mediumship of Mrs. Blanche Cooper, and has been thought worthy by the English Society for Psychical Research to form one of their volumes of Proceedings (Part XCVI, Vol. XXXV, December, 1925).

The writer of the record is Mr. S. G. Soal, M.A., B.Sc., and the sittings took place during January, 1922.

The whole report of one hundred and twenty-four pages I consider of great importance and worthy of the serious attention of every earnest student of psychical research.

Mr. Soal is possessed of qualities which seem to make him exceptionally well fitted to undertake such experiments. He is careful to make a written record during the sitting, or, if this is not possible, immediately after its close; he has a logical and well-balanced mind, well fitted to weigh evidence; he is painstaking and conscientious, and also highly sensitive to psychic influences, making altogether a very unique combination.

Some of our readers will know that Mr. Soal is the anonymous "Mr. V.," who procured with Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith and other sitters, the famous "Oscar Wilde" script, perhaps the best all-round automatic script ever produced, taking both external and internal values into consideration.

The S.P.R. report is much too lengthy to deal with adequately in this "Quarterly," but I hope as many readers as possible will obtain the Proceedings for themselves or study the copy in the College Library.

Section IV, the portion with which I wish particularly to deal, I have taken the liberty of reprinting from the "Proceedings," so that readers may have the full strength of the evidence in the case from Mr. Soal's own words.

The story relates to a school acquaintance of Mr. Soal's—Gordon Davis (hereafter referred to as G.D.)—whom he believed to be dead. A personality purporting to be G.D. controlled the medium, Mrs. Blanche Cooper, at two sittings on January 4th and 9th, 1922. He implied that he was dead, gave correct details of his life as known to Mr. Soal, and generally expressed himself in a manner which conveyed to Mr. Soal, G.D.'s forceful personality and mode of expression. Notes were made at the time and shown to Mr. Soal's brother, a Lecturer at Cambridge University, and to another friend. We must accept the accuracy of this statement, as otherwise the record would be of little or no account as a piece of scientific evidence. Two years later Mr. Soal found that G.D. was still alive, and it was only then that, referring to the record of two years before, he perceived its unique value and importance.

Here are the facts as given by Mr. Soal in his report :—

SECTION 4.

The Case of Gordon Davis.

A "Communication" from a Living Person.

In discussing this remarkable case it would be perhaps entirely illogical, although practically convenient to describe the case as one of "*communication*" by a living person. There is not a great deal of real evidence to justify us in saying that the living Gordon Davis took any active part in the affair. We know that his conscious mind was busy interviewing clients on both occasions on which he was supposed to communicate. All that we are entitled to say is that a communication was received concerning Gordon Davis; that is to say, certain facts were communicated about his life history, past and future. Some of these facts were given in the form of verbal statements describing incidents which had happened or which were to happen; other facts such as his vocal characteristics were expressed in a purely physical way.

For mediums to obtain knowledge supernormally about a living person is not an infrequent occurrence, but cases in which the living person appears to "control" the psychic and is dramatized and made to speak in the first person are, I believe, extremely rare, although not unknown.

In the case under consideration the supernormal knowledge shown is of a high order. Not only is there penetration into the past of the "communicator," but there are considerable indications that the future was also anticipated.

There is further (I think) some ground for the assumption that this prevision was of the purely psychic kind rather than of the kind that is built up upon inferences drawn from present data. Granting this assumption, the case has special interest in relation to those theories in which the material universe is regarded as a four-dimensional complex, with *time* as the fourth dimension. Looked at from this point of view, human beings have an extension in time as well as in the other three dimensions. They exist in their totality independently of the particular moment at which we choose to view them. The personality of Gordon Davis was arrested, as it were, at a particular point of the time stream—i.e., a special three-dimensional section was taken of his four-dimensional complex. He was dramatized in 1922 to appear as he would be in his new environment of 1923.

One very interesting point arises. This dramatized personality, so accurate in its other statements, apparently believes itself to be a deceased person. We might, of course, assume that this idea was suggested to it by the spiritistic mind of the medium, who in turn obtained false information from the mind of the sitter. But is this the true explanation?

It is to be noted that Gordon Davis does not give any details about the circumstances of his death. It is true that "Frank" expresses some "belief" that G.D. was killed in the war, but it must be remembered that Frank could not tell anything else about him, and the possibility is that he was merely "guessing."

RECORD OF GORDON DAVIS SITTINGS.

Sitting No. 20.

Wednesday, January 4th, 1922, 11.10 a.m. Present: Mrs. Cooper, S. G. Soal. (Postponed from Wednesday, December 28th, 1921.)

(At the commencement of the sitting "Nada" remarked, "Think there's someone wants to speak to you.")

(Frank speaks.)

F.: "'Sam,' I've brought someone who knows you."

S.: "All right, let him speak."

(Pause.)

(A voice well articulated and extraordinarily clear and strong began to speak. From the first moment I had a lightning impression that the tone was quite familiar to me, but I could not immediately place it. It was a surprisingly well modulated voice with a most fastidious accent. I knew at once that Mrs. Cooper had never produced anything so good at my sittings before.)

VOICE: "Well, Soal, I never expected to speak to you in this fashion."

[NOTE.—This sentence was delivered with an extraordinary variety of tone, and also with great energy.]

S.: "Who are you then?"

VOICE: "Remember Davis—Gordon from R—R—Roch—Roch—"

[NOTE.—This word was not completed, but I easily understood it was an attempt to say "Rochford."]

S.: "By Jove, and it's like Gordon Davis, too."

VOICE: "The dead to the living. Queer world, what?—My poor wife is my only worry now—and kiddie."

S.: "Can you really be Gordon Davis? I had heard you were killed."

VOICE: "The same—what's left of me."

S.: "But what proof could you give me that you are Davis?"

VOICE: "Here, I must hold on—not used to this."

"NADA": "He's a very strong spirit—may hurt the medium."

(Short interval of silence.)

VOICE: "Remember the old school? How I always argued with H—H—Hs—Hs—oh confound these names—was for brighter geog—brighter geography—harpoons and things."

S.: "I remember about your arguing with Histed but nothing about harpoons. Try to tell me where you lived. That's something I don't know."

VOICE: "At Roch—you mean?"

S.: "That will do."

VOICE (not so strong): "Near the—M—Ma—Malt."

"NADA": "He must rest for a bit."

(Another silent interval. Then voice is heard quite strong again.)

VOICE: "Remember our last little talk?"

S.: "Yes, I do quite well. Where was it?"

VOICE: "In the train—about guards—not train guards though. A little confab on the work of guards. That help you?"

S.: "I can recall it excellently."

VOICE: "Seems ages since to me—remember Playle and O—Over—Over—"

S.: "I think I know who you mean; but tell me where your wife lives."

VOICE: "Old chap, I can't hold on—not a second longer."

"NADA": "He's losing control, but he's showing me the letter 'E' and some figures, but I can't see what they are. Two 'E's.'"

S.: "What would the letter 'E' mean, 'Nada'?"

"NADA": "Feel sure it has to do with the address of his wife. He's very anxious to send news to her, poor thing. It was a great shock to her."

S.: "Can't you bring him again?"

"NADA": "Not this time—the medium could not stand it.—She went right out of her body."

(Pause.)

[NOTE.—I thought at this point the sitting had finished, but in a few minutes John Ferguson began to speak. All during the time Gordon Davis had been talking and during the intervals Mrs. Cooper had remained quite silent. At the end of the sitting she seemed quite confused and unable to recall either what John Ferguson or Gordon Davis had been talking about. She said her head was aching badly. I had not heard her complain of this before. Between this sitting and the next I did not make any enquiries about Gordon Davis.]

Sitting No. 21.

January 9th, 1922, 3.40 p.m. Weather fair. Present: Mrs. Cooper, S. G. Soal.

("Nada" spoke first.)

"NADA": "Pleased to see you again."

S.: "Pleased to see you, 'Nada.' Can you bring Gordon Davis to speak again?"

"NADA": "Doubtful—it's very bad for her—too strong."

S.: "Who is too strong?"

"NADA": "Gordon."

S.: "Well, I hope you'll try to bring him."

"NADA": "He mustn't come again like that. But I will try to make him whisper things to me."

(A short pause, during which "Nada" is heard to whisper something indistinctly.)

"NADA": "He's trying to tell me about his house. He says something about a funny dark tunnel—it's to do with his house."

S.: "Is this at Rochford?"

"NADA": "Don't think it's there."

("Nada" is heard to whisper again, but I cannot catch a word.)

"NADA": "He says there's five or six steps and a half."

S.: "Is that at the front or the back of the house?"

"NADA": "Think it's the front."

S.: "Could you ask him to tell you what is inside the house?"

[NOTE.—I asked this question out of idleness. I did not expect there would be any truth in the answer.]

"NADA": "I'll speak to him (whispers again). (I catch the word 'house.')

"NADA": "He says there's a very large mirror and lots of pictures. Oh, these are not like the pictures in John Ferguson's. These pictures are all scenes."

S.: "What are they scenes of?"

"NADA": "Glorious mountains and the sea—there's one picture where a road or something seems to go between two hills."

S.: "Anything else?"

"NADA": "Some vases—very big ones with such funny tops and saucers, but not to drink out of."

"NADA": "He says there's a woman there now and a little boy. Believe it's a woman very fond of the country and country things.—Fond of flowers—think it's his wife."

S.: "Could you describe her or give her name?"

"NADA": "I can't see her. He's telling me something, but I can't hear. He's getting farther away."

"NADA": "Oh, downstairs there's two funny brass candlesticks."

S.: "Where are they?"

" NADA " : " Think they are on a shelf. He's so far away I can't hear him, but there's something right in front of his house—not a verandah—something that's not in front of the other houses."

S. : " Is the house in a street ? "

" NADA " : " Joined up to others—don't think it's a proper street—like half a street."

S. : " Could you give the name of the street ? "

" NADA " : " Get the letter ' E's.' "

S. : " Would that be East Street ? " (Thinking of East Street, Prittlewell. S.G.S.)

" NADA " : " Don't think so, but he's gone right away." (Voice ceases and there is an interval in which lights appear. Afterwards John Ferguson communicates.)

In the record of my sittings I have found one and only one more slight reference to Gordon Davis. It was during Sitting No. 23, held on Monday, January 30, 1922, 3.40 p.m. This reference occurred during a pause in the middle of the sitting. James Miles had been communicating and was apparently resting. I asked " Nada " if Gordon Davis could come again.

" NADA " : " Is not coming any more."

S. : " Can't he come and talk to you. He need not use the voice directly."

" NADA " : " He can't because he's too far away now."

S. : " Try to get him."

" NADA " : " Only see his house, but it's not clear—can't get anything. There's something about black dickie bird—think it's on piano—not sure about it."

S. : " Would this be in Gordon Davis' house ? "

" NADA " : " Think it would be his house—it's very uncertain because he isn't here."

(Frank then speaks and tries to give a book test, which is unsuccessful. Afterwards James Miles is mentioned again and sitting concludes.)

SITTER'S PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF THE COMMUNICATOR.

Gordon Davis and I were at school together during the years 1898 to 1901. At school I knew of him rather than knew him, for he was in a higher form than myself. I have a distinct recollection that he was a very intelligent boy, disposed to ask disconcerting questions during our lessons in science and geography, which subjects I took with him in the same class. He was, even at school, something of a dandy, and somewhat more refined in his speech than the rest of us. Of his people I knew nothing, except that they lived at Rochford, while I lived two and a half miles away. I feel fairly certain that I never knew in what part of Rochford Gordon Davis lived. Doubtless we must have spoken to each other at school, but I cannot recall a single conversation. Probably I really saw very little of him, owing to the fact that I was a younger boy than himself, and in a lower class. I fancy he left school somewhere about the year 1901, and for many years after that I lost sight of him. I may have had some vague idea that he had started business in Southend, and I may possibly have seen him walking in the street, but I cannot remember ever speaking to him until one day in May, 1916, I met him on the platform of Shenfield Station, where we were both waiting for the London train. We were at that time both cadets, he in the infantry and I in the artillery, and we were both returning from week-end leave. I was, I remember, going to Bexhill, but I do not remember his destination. As boys who had been to school together we recognized each other, but he seemed to know me better than I knew him, for he it was who spoke first. We entered the same compartment and travelled together as far as Liverpool Street, which is about half an hour's journey from Shenfield. During the ride I am quite certain we did not discuss family matters at all; he did not tell me whether he was married or not. We spent all the time comparing the routine of artillery with that of infantry cadets, and I remember very vividly how he mentioned to me that he had been detailed " to give a lecture to other cadets on the duties of the guard." Gordon Davis seemed full of the Army, and I noticed especially that he had cultivated

a rather nice accent. We parted at Liverpool Street, and I heard no more of him for a long time. I knew, of course, that as an Infantry Officer he would be sent to the Front very soon. In August of the same year I was myself sent to France, and did not return until I was wounded in June, 1917. I then returned to England, spent a year in the Isle of Wight as Instructor of Cadets, was sent to Oxford as chief instructor in mathematics at the Army School of Education, and was finally demobilized in the spring of 1919. It would be some time in the autumn of 1920 that I received a false impression that Gordon Davis had been killed in the War. On my way to visit a friend at Rochford one day, I met a man with whom I was very slightly acquainted, and with this man I walked for a mile, our paths being in the same direction. He began to speak of the men belonging to Rochford who had died in the War, and I feel almost certain that he told me* "Gordon Davis has gone west too." This news made a considerable impression on me at the time, and I mentioned at home that Gordon Davis had been killed. My remarks did not excite much comment, because no one at home knew Gordon Davis, and I did not personally make any enquiries, because our acquaintance had only been of the slightest. I often, however, thought of him and of our last meeting in the train, and how tragically things had ended for him. It never, indeed, occurred to me to doubt that he had been killed. I took it for granted that the news I had received was correct. Had I made the least enquiries I should certainly have had my impression corrected quickly enough, for he had started business in Southend as an Estate Agent, and was becoming very well known in the district. I live, however, in Prittlewell and do not very frequently visit either Southend or Rochford, and in this fact is to be found an explanation of my continued belief that Gordon Davis was dead. When I received my first communication from Gordon Davis on January 4, 1922, I was considerably impressed, particularly by the life-like reproduction of mannerisms of speech, tone of voice, and accent, but I did not attach any very great weight to the subject-matter of the communication which did not (at the time) appear to me to go much beyond what I had known of Gordon Davis. I was certainly impressed by the giving of the word "*Malt*," because I knew that there is a large building at Rochford called "*The Malting*," now used as a storehouse for flour, etc. At this particular period of my psychic researches I had just concluded the long study of telepathy in the case of *John Ferguson*, and I formed the idea that the case of *Gordon Davis* could probably be explained in a similar manner, i.e., by transference of fragments of knowledge from the sitter's mind to that of the medium. I paid still less attention to the description of the house by "*Nada*" at the sitting of January 9. I thought it was all the purest fiction. Very fortunately at both sittings I had taken verbatim notes of every detail, and my brother, Mr. C. W. Soal, corroborates reading these notes in the Christmas holidays of 1921, when he was home on vacation. It was in February, 1925, that I first learned indirectly that Gordon Davis was alive and practising as an Estate Agent in Southend-on-Sea. I heard also that he had only been living in Southend-on-Sea for a year or two, and I therefore conjectured that the verification of the details given by "*Nada*" about his house would be an extremely difficult matter. I learned, moreover, about the end of February that *Gordon Davis* was living at No. 54, *Eastern Esplanade*, and I was at once struck by the fact that the two "E" mentioned by "*Nada*" as giving the address would be applicable to this street. Pressure of work prevented me from paying a visit to Gordon Davis until the evening of April 8, 1925.

RECORD OF MY VISIT TO GORDON DAVIS.

I arrived at Mr. Davis' house, No. 54, Eastern Esplanade, at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 8. I noticed at once that to reach the front door one had to ascend a flight of six steps, and that the lowest of these steps was an extremely thin slab of stone in comparison with the other five steps. I noticed

*I have heard independently from both Mr. and Mrs. Davis that after the Armistice there was a widespread rumour in the district that Mr. Davis had been killed.

also that the house was part of a single long block of houses facing the sea. There were no houses on the other side of the street. I noticed also before ringing the bell, a kind of curious tunnel which leads from the street into the back gardens of the block. There were several such tunnels—one between each two doors. The door was opened by Mrs. Davis, who admitted me into the drawing room on the ground floor, and asked me to wait for a few moments, while she informed her husband of my visit. At the time of my arrival the drawing room was in darkness, but there was a light in the dining room which is in the basement. When the electric light was switched on in the drawing room, I immediately noticed that there were many pictures hung on the walls, and that all these pictures contained either mountains or seascapes. I also noticed several fairly large vases, and two objects on one of the walls which I should have unhesitatingly described as "saucers." There was also a very large mirror above the mantelpiece which arrested my attention. In a short time Mr Gordon Davis entered the room, and after we had exchanged greetings I began to broach to him the object of my visit. Before, however, I had shown him any of my papers I noticed that he had used the expression "Old man" twice, and "Old chap" once, which affords an independent verification. When I explained somewhat hesitatingly that I had come to talk to him about psychic matters, he remarked, "Old man, I've tried all my life to steer clear of these things and I will tell you why. A man like myself whose mind is always running on his business has no time for this sort of thing. It's all very well for people who have leisure. I've noticed another thing. I've noticed that people who go in for this kind of thing are nearly always damned unlucky. I suppose I'm a bit superstitious myself: would never walk under a ladder or use the third match." I then explained briefly about my direct voice sittings and communicated to him the somewhat astounding news that he himself had been a communicator at one of these sittings. I then handed him a typewritten record of the sitting on January 4. He was very much amused, and kept exclaiming, "Just the very words I should use." When he came to the word "Malt" he said, "Why, that is the name of the house where I lived at Rochford, twenty-five years ago." It was always called "The Malting," if anyone wanted specially to refer to it. When he came to the phrase "harpoons—was for brighter geography," he cried "Well, that's damned funny." I next handed him the record* of the sitting on January 9 (also typewritten).

When Mr. Davis had finished reading the records, we set about the business of discussing them point by point, and when we had carefully examined the room and the room downstairs, and also the outside of the house and its surroundings, we repaired to Mr. Davis' office on the Midland Railway approach, where Mr. Davis keeps his personal diaries. It was obviously important for us to find out, if possible, what Mr. Davis was doing at the exact hours when his spirit was supposed to be communicating. With regard to this matter we were extremely fortunate. For several years Mr. Davis has kept a detailed record of his daily doings, the precise hours at which he gives interviews to clients, etc. We were, therefore, able to learn exactly what Mr. Davis was doing at the time of both sittings. I questioned Mr. Davis (who was keenly interested) on every aspect of the case that occurred to me, taking notes of everything he said. I next propose to exhibit in a tabular form Mr. Davis' statements together with any corresponding data obtained at the sittings in 1922. Each statement has been carefully scrutinized by Mr. Davis and its accuracy endorsed.

TABULAR ANALYSIS OF THE EVIDENCE.

Extracts from Mr. Davis' Diary.

January 4, 1922. Arrived at the office in Southend at 9.30 a.m. by train from London. (Mr. and Mrs. Davis were *living in London* at the time of the

*At his interview with Mr. Salter on September 19, 1925, Mr. Davis in my presence confirmed the fact that all the information concerning the description of the house, besides that which related to himself and family, was read by him from type-scripts on the evening of April 8, and further, that these type-scripts contained no *written* matter whatever.—S.G.S.

sitting, but Mr. Davis had an *Estate Office in Southend*, and travelled to *business every day.*) 11 to 11.45 a.m., interview with Mr. Short at Marine Parade (Marine Parade is an extension of the Eastern Esplanade which was to be Mr. Davis' future home.)

January 6, 1922. Inspected for the first time the house at 54, Eastern Esplanade—interview with Mr. Sidney Playle—(an old friend of Mr. Davis).

January 9, 1922, 3.30 p.m. Interviewed (a client) Mrs. Browning.

November 23, 1922. Visited the house on the Eastern Esplanade to make an estimate for repairs.

December 13, 1922. Moved into the house on the Eastern Esplanade.

[NOTE.—The above record shows, that at the time (January 6) of the interval between sittings on January 4 and January 9, Mr. Davis was occupying his thoughts with his future house in the Eastern Esplanade. It is interesting to note that at the sitting on January 4, before Mr. Davis had visited the house, the letter "E" indicating the name of the street was given, but that the detailed description of the interior of the house was not forthcoming until the sitting on January 9, *i.e.* until Mr. Davis had seriously begun to direct his thoughts towards the house. It is also rather curious that at the time of the first sitting on January 4, Mr. Davis should have been in the *Marine Parade*, which is quite close to the house in the *Esplanade*.

We should also note the coincidence of Mr. Davis' interview with his friend Playle on January 6, and the mention of Playle as a school friend on January 4.

REVIEW OF THE CASE.

It is generally agreed among students of psychic facts that where a living communicator, by means of his spiritual counterpart or "double," manages to make his presence known to the sight or hearing of a percipient, the communicator's physical body is either asleep, or he is in an extremely passive state, as in a day-dream.

If we are to take the diary record of Mr. Gordon Davis as accurate in point of time, we have here a case contrary to the general rule, for according to this diary G.D. was actually engaged in the transaction of business with a client in Southend at the same time as he was supposed to be communicating through a medium at the College in London.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. DAVIS AND MYSELF.

At my request, Mr. Soal kindly arranged an interview between Mr. Davis and myself to confirm the facts stated, that I might learn at what time the diary records were made each day.

QUESTIONABLE ACCURACY OF THE DIARY REPORTS.

I found that the diary brought forward to prove that he was engaged in business at that particular moment, was one kept for business purposes, and kept only as a record of clients' visits. G.D. readily acknowledged that exact times could not be relied upon, that these were only approximate, and often only noted at the close of the day's work. This being so, he agreed that his diary record, made of an item of business as taking place at 11 a.m. might actually have been transacted with a client either fifteen minutes before or after that hour. Keeping this in view we cannot therefore say for certain that G.D. at the time of the sitting at the College was

actually engaged with a client. It is quite possible and reasonable to imagine that G.D. may, while waiting for a client on that particular morning, have become sufficiently passive, while sitting at his desk, to enable him unconsciously to project his astral being into the environment of Mr. Soal, and to control the medium. This operation could have been performed in the very few minutes recorded by Mr. Soal as the time taken by the actual communication through the medium.

UNCONSCIOUS PSYCHIC POWERS OF G.D.

I endeavoured in my interview with G.D. to form an opinion regarding his psychical constitution. I found him to be a rational and well-balanced individual of a very active temperament, and quite uninterested in psychic manifestations. I found, however, some evidence that he had unconscious psychic power if one can judge from an isolated instance related to me by himself, which might indicate extension of personality. He related that on one occasion during the war, while traversing new ground with some fellow-officers, he stated to them that though he had never visited that part of the country before, the surrounding scenery seemed familiar to him, and further affirmed that just over the hill in front of them they would find a village nestling in a valley. When the top of the hill was reached, this statement was found to be correct. This seemed to be the only incident that Mr. Davis could clearly remember as proving his possession of any psychic power, though he had a vague impression of other cases. To some readers it may seem somewhat trivial, but to serious psychic students it may suggest that G.D. had previously visited the spot when out of his body.

G.D.'S MANNERISMS IN SPEECH.

In his report, Mr. Soal refers more than once to the improved and cultivated manner of G.D.'s speech as noted by him in the one and only interview he had with him after school days. This characteristic of speech was particularly noted by Mr. Soal in the voice purporting to be that of G.D. in the séance. Although I was specially on the look out for this cultivated tone when I met G.D. I did not remark anything of the sort during the first hour of our interview. His tone in conversation was ordinary and apparently natural as one would expect in a business man; but later, on several occasions, particularly when the conversation recalled his army experiences, he expressed himself in a cultured manner in marked contrast to his ordinary business style. It seemed to me quite artificial, and as if it might have been cultivated in war time, when meeting with officers in the Army, and used in his official capacity. Recollections of war days probably brought it unconsciously into activity again. This peculiarity is only mentioned here because it throws into prominence the fact that the supposed spirit of G.D., in control of Mrs. Cooper, expressed itself, if we are to

take Mr. Soal's memory as correct, in this more cultivated and rather artificial manner, whereas one would have expected that a spirit out of the body would have expressed itself in its most normal and natural way.

In the everyday life of business G.D. has no doubt gradually lost this acquired characteristic of the war, though, in 1922, he may still have retained it in a preponderating degree.

G.D.'S STATEMENT THAT HE WAS DEAD.

We must now ask ourselves why the "control" purporting to be the spirit of G.D. should state so many facts correctly and yet be incorrect on so important a matter as to whether he was dead or alive. Mr. Soal thinks this may be due to the impression in the medium's mind that any controlling entity must be a discarnate intelligence, and also to Mr. Soal's own belief at that moment that G.D. was dead. It is quite probable that both these factors might subconsciously influence the "control," but another fact, and an important one, ignored by Mr. Soal, must be considered.

In my interview with G.D. I enquired whether he, like Mr. Soal, had heard, previous to January 4th, 1922 (the date of the séance), the rumour that he was supposed to have been killed in the War. His reply was, "Oh yes; the statement was freely circulated in Southend." This story of his death would, therefore, be in his subconscious mind, and very materially influence him when controlling the medium, if my presumption that he was temporarily out of his body is correct. Anyone with psychic experience knows it is difficult to think clearly on certain matters when temporarily out of the body. He was for the time being in a kind of a dream state, practically dead as far as his body was concerned, and it is perhaps too much to expect that a novice such as G.D. undoubtedly was in the use of his psychic body, should be able to explain through the medium exactly what had happened; he would take the line of least resistance, and dramatize the role suggested to him by the thought of Mr. Soal, the medium's belief, and the influence upon his own conscious mind of the rumour of his death.

It has been my practice in psychic study for years past to investigate the reason for inaccuracies such as this, and the explanation when found is often very simple. It is true that G.D. shows anxiety about his wife and child, but this would naturally follow the dominant idea that he was dead.

WHY DID G.D. COMMUNICATE THROUGH A MEDIUM ?

The question of spirit intercourse between the living and the dead is governed by love, by hate, or by desire to serve. Did any of these three instincts bring G.D. as a communicator to Mr. Soal, with whom he had apparently little in common ? In answer to an enquiry to elucidate this point, G.D. stated that he never thought of Mr. Soal at any time since his school days, and then only occasionally, as they

had no interests in common, and seldom met each other even though in the same school. They met once in 1916 as railway passengers, but from that date G.D. had no remembrance of again thinking of Mr. Soal.

I found, however, from conversation with the latter that he had often thought sympathetically and even with a degree of affection of G.D. since the rumour of his supposed death had reached him. This thought was a very real thing, therefore, as far as Mr. Soal was concerned, and doubtless owing to his strong mediumistic powers he became the psychic link between himself and the living G.D., although at the time of the sitting he had no actual thought of him.

The reasoning may seem tortuous to those who have not studied the delicate nature of psychic contacts, to myself it seems eminently reasonable, in default of any other hypothesis. Spirit intercourse, as I previously stated, seems largely influenced by the link of affection between the spirit and the mortal, and between mortal and spirit, and creates the magnetic link which draws them together, the medium playing no part except as the organism which the spirit uses to make itself manifest to the senses of the sitter.

THE PROPHECIC VISION OF G.D.

The most interesting and thought-provoking fact, however, which emerged from these sittings lies in the description which the controlling personality of G.D. was able to give to Mr. Soal through the medium, of G.D.'s home, a house in Southend, which at the time of the sitting he did not live in, nor even know of, according to Mr. Soal's report. At that time he was living in London, and he only took possession of the house described in December, 1922—eleven months after the date of the séance. I made careful enquiry regarding this matter, and elucidated from G.D. that a few days before the sitting of January 4th, 1922, he did know that the house, 54, Eastern Esplanade, was likely to fall vacant. He says he had not at that time visited it, and did not contemplate taking it for his own use. The fact, however, must be kept in mind that although G.D. was an estate agent, whose principal business consisted in the letting of property, yet he was in personal need of a house in Southend for himself, as he was anxious to reside there and save the daily journey from London. The house, 54, Eastern Esplanade, was therefore in his subconscious mind, and would explain to some extent the getting of the address and the description of the house by the medium.

G.D. further informed me that he had very little knowledge of the house, as it stood in a part of the town seldom visited by him, but he could hardly fail to have noted the outward appearance of the house in a general way on some occasion, as, being on the sea front, it is in full view of passers-by.

We must therefore take it as certain that G.D. as an estate agent and surveyor in Southend knew the said house, the five or six steps leading to the front entrance, the peculiar tunnel in the centre of

the house—as there are several houses in the row exactly alike in this respect—the esplanade shelter opposite, and the street itself with houses on one side only.

All the items, except the pictures, mentioned at the séance as being included in the furnishing of the house, not yet occupied nor furnished at the time by G.D., were, however, in his possession in his London house. He had a wife and child, he had a large mirror, big vases (“with funny tops and saucers”), brass candlesticks, “a dickie bird” and a piano—items which might roughly be found in any home, but given as a collective item with the other particulars furnished, they are of interest. The pictures, indifferently described as hanging in the room, were *not* in his possession at the time of the séance, but as I understand that G.D. bought these pictures of mountains and seas to satisfy his own taste in these matters, it is quite likely that in the séance he was expressing his sub-conscious taste in pictures. It might be remarked here that the pictures, though consisting of mountains and seascapes, are perhaps the least convincing descriptive items given regarding the furnishing of the house, and this may be accounted for by the fact that they were not at the time in his possession, and so only weakly visualized.

Reviewing all the above facts it must become apparent to the student of psychic science that G.D. was very well able to describe a house which he might occupy at a future date. It is just possible that he may have imagined what the interior of this house would look like when furnished with such goods as were already in his possession, or goods he might hope to possess.

EVIDENCE THAT THE “CONTROL” WAS OF AN ABNORMAL KIND.

It is evident from Mr. Soal's report that the “control” of the medium on this occasion was of an abnormal character, possessing marked differences from manifestations given at previous sittings with Mrs. Cooper. First, it was an extraordinarily powerful “control,” the voice being unusually loud, distinct and characteristic so that Mr. Soal recognized the resemblance to G.D.—the person who claimed to be present.

So strong and even disconcerting was it, that “Nada” (Mrs. Cooper's guide), quite feared for her medium and sought to keep the spirit of G.D. at a distance.

Secondly, the “control” only came on two occasions, whereas an ordinary spirit acquaintance who has passed over comes and goes with ease as a rule when the initial difficulties have been overcome.

WHAT DOES THE SITTING PROVE ?

I think any fairminded reader will accept the above facts as proof that G.D. really communicated with Mr. Soal through Mrs. Cooper's mediumship, though still in the body, and accomplished this by thought-transference or by soul projection. I am inclined to accept

the latter explanation, as I have proved from many experiments that man has undoubtedly here and now an etheric duplicate of himself capable of acting at a distance from his physical body. G.D., unknown to himself, was drawn to Mr. Soal, and held a personal conversation with him, giving him details of his family and possessions, and future plans, which neither Mr. Soal nor the medium could have given. Dissociation is a perfectly well-known fact, but it is seldom we get such a clear-cut case as the present.

These strange results need not disturb believers in spirit intercourse, though certain newspapers have almost claimed that they knock the bottom out of Spiritualism—the wish is probably father to the thought. The facts, to my mind, rather tend to emphasize and establish the truth of the reality of communication between the living and the dead.

All honour is due to Mr. Soal for the courage with which he has tackled a difficult and puzzling problem. Many would have thrown up the investigation of psychic phenomena in disgust on meeting with such a case, or refused to face it when G.D. was discovered to be alive. Mr. Soal immediately instituted the most strict enquiries regarding the matter, and spared no pains to get the facts established.

That a careful record made at the time was ready to Mr. Soal's hand when the unforeseen happened was a noteworthy thing in itself, and I can heartily congratulate the Society for Psychical Research in giving attention to this record and in publishing it for the benefit of every student.

MYSTERIES SOLVED BY PSYCHIC MEANS.

By W. Harold Speer (*the well-known Crime Investigator*),
AUTHOR OF "EDIE."

THE finding of the decomposed body of Nurse Mary Elliott, of Gloucester, on the banks of the Severn, near Blakeney, recalls the statement of a London clairvoyant. Nurse Elliott had been missing a fortnight when the medium wrote to a Gloucester resident stating that the body of the nurse would be found in a decomposed state near some rocks on the river bank. The other day, nearly six months later, the body was found as described.

This recalls the remarkable revelations made to me in connection with the Blackwood mystery. When the body of Iris Watkins was found in a culvert at Blackwood six weeks after she had disappeared, I at once procured from her grandmother a small leather purse which had belonged to the dead girl.

Taking this to Mr. Horace Leaf, a London clairvoyant, I asked him if he would give me a sitting. He agreed, and without one single word being said as to the ownership of the purse, I handed it to him. He at once said: "This purse belongs to a girl of nice personality, who has just recently passed over. She is here. She thanks you for acting as an intermediary, and wants you to convey her love to her people. She is happy. She has been a good deal with them, and has tried to reach them, but they are very diffident about Spiritualism. She would like to get into personal touch with them. She had a secret which she wished to surprise her people with.

"Her name is 'Sis,' or Iris. She was very artistic and a school teacher, or she had a good deal to do with children. She was very bright and cheerful, a good-looking girl. There is a little quibble over an insurance policy. There is something missing—a large ring—which will never be found.

"The girl's hair is all awry. This purse has been handled a lot since, and it makes the conditions rather difficult. I think she contemplated marriage. She had a big disappointment.

"Oh! she was drowned or, at least, she is all exposed and wet. She was in the country near a railway. She lived in a house with a little garden in front. She is in the country, but she is disappointed. She is upset about the question of marriage. There is an attempt at bodily assault. She died from heart failure and shock. I see
——— connected with her at the time."

I at once went down to Wales and interviewed Mrs. Watkins, the grandmother with whom Iris lived in a house which has "a little garden in front."

She agreed that the clairvoyant's description of the girl was an excellent one, and confirmed other points. Iris was a Sunday School teacher and a large ring from her hair was missing. There was a little trouble over her insurance card.

"Do you know if she died from heart failure and shock?" I asked.

"Yes, I believe it is so," said the grandmother.

I then went to see Dr. Evans, who admitted that the girl had died from heart failure and shock.

The only points which could not be cleared up were the contemplated marriage and who was the man. I found the man whose name had been given to me in London, and he admitted knowing the girl. Beyond this I could not go; but all the facts were placed before the local police.

When Irene Munro, the beautiful young London typist, was brutally done to death on the lonely Crumbles, near Eastbourne, I sought the assistance of a medium in the endeavour to elucidate the mystery, and a séance was arranged on the Crumbles.

The late Chief-Inspector Mercer was in charge of the investigations, and as he was a very old and valued friend of mine, when he heard what I was about to do, lent me one or two articles which had belonged to the dead girl. While he could not officially recognize the forthcoming séance, he told me he had an open mind on the subject, and was anxious I should let him know the result.

It was midnight when, accompanied by a number of pressmen, I proceeded with the medium to the Crumbles. On arriving, I led the way towards the scene of the crime, stopping, however, about one hundred yards away.

We all stood still, when suddenly the medium began to walk slowly forward and eventually she sat down on the beach on the very spot where the body had been found.

This I took as a promising start. Many questions were put to her and answered; but what I shall never forget was the following:

"Do you see the murderer now?"—"Yes, I see a tall dark young man. He is in the room of an hotel."

"Where is the hotel?"—"I cannot say—it is the 'Albemarle.'"

Early in the morning, I handed this information to Mr. Mercer; and within a few hours Field and Gray were arrested and subsequently found guilty and hanged for the crime.

Now here is the remarkable part of the story: Gray was a tall, dark young man; and I had always believed was the greater villain of the two. On the morning of the murder Field and Gray were in the saloon bar of the Albemarle Hotel, Eastbourne. They left at closing time, went along Seaside Road, met the poor girl Irene, took her on to the Crumbles and there murdered her. Early

in the evening both the young men were again in the Albemarle Hotel.

In the Bournemouth murder, when Irene Wilkins was lured by a false telegram to her death, a medium described the murderer, who was later arrested. He was the chauffeur, Allaway, who was subsequently hanged for the crime.

During my thirty years of crime investigation I attribute to a great extent my unflinching success to the fact that I have psychic gifts.

In the Gallows Tree Common crime, when the landlady of a little country public house was killed, I was on the spot before the Scotland Yard officers arrived. I interviewed a number of persons and while talking to a young farm lad, I felt, instinctively, that I was in the presence of the murderer.

When Chief-Inspector Heldon, of the Yard, arrived (and he can bear me out in this) I told him the lad knew all about the crime. Eventually the lad was arrested and confessed to the murder.

When I went to Cambridge to investigate the murder of Miss Alice Lawn, I was unable, for a time, to gain access to the house, but when I did, and walked upstairs, I seemed to feel the presence of the murdered woman by my side.

In the front sittingroom, on the first floor, it seemed to me that "something" was pointing to one corner of the carpet and then to another part of the room. I could make nothing of it, but some days later the poor woman's savings were found in the spots indicated by me.

Whenever I have been able to interview a murderer, either before his arrest, or, as in the case of Major Armstrong, after he had been arrested, I have instinctively felt the guilt of the person with whom I was talking.

In the case of Norman Thorne, the murderer of Miss Elsie Cameron, at Crowborough, I seemed to see blood on his hands. So convinced was I that I unhesitatingly named him as the murderer, and subsequent events proved that I was correct.

These few instances of the many show there is something in the occult, and that in all cases where mediums might be able to help the police their aid should be sought.

"MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH."

By Rev. Charles L. Tweedale.

In 1925 a third and much improved edition of this justly popular work made its appearance. The text now runs to 519 pages, and there is a good index provided.

The author devotes the first section of his work to an enquiry into the beliefs and speculations of the wise men of old concerning the destiny of the soul and its immortal future ; and he examines the witness of Christ to the reality of the disembodied Life ; also the testimony of His Apostles. In descanting upon the purpose of Christ's Mission, His Crucifixion and Resurrection, he notes the evidence in scripture of a fore-ordained plan—a deliberate bringing about from the Spirit World by spiritual beings, of the birth of an agent for definite work in this lower material world—as instanced in the cases of Isaac, Samson and Samuel. On the Crucifixion we note the passage :

"The main object . . . of Christ's death upon the Cross was not to bring about a blood sacrifice, or that He should be offered up as a vicarious sacrifice for sin, like some animal on a Jewish altar, but that, passing through the gates of death by a public execution, which made the fact of His death undeniable, He should then return from Beyond the Grave, proving human survival and the reality of that future life to which He had constantly testified, and to ensure the full enjoyment of which, for mankind, was the especial purpose of His doctrine and teaching ! The Cross thus becomes, in this wondrous story, not an altar of vicarious sacrifice, as hitherto generally regarded, but part of the setting of a marvellous demonstration of the survival of the soul after death, and the life of the world to come."

The evidence in the Gospels for the reality of Christ's Resurrection is tabulated and its satisfactory nature shown. As to this Dr. Arnold is quoted, and his opinion as an impartial historian is strongly affirmative. There is a chapter on the identification of localities connected with the Crucifixion—Golgotha and the Tomb, and recent research is detailed. The Scriptural presentation of the nature of the Heaven-world, Paradise, the Judgment of Souls, etc., is accorded a special chapter.

More important is the discussion on the two bodies and nature of man. The word "psychic" is used in Scripture to indicate both animal life and the soul which survives death. This would imply, he thinks, that the life and soul are bound up together and

exist apart from the material body. Here he emphasizes the perfect human nature of Jesus, and thus the phenomena of His dual nature are parallel to those of other beings.

The Spiritual Body is a replica of the physical, and dwells within it during earthly existence. There are times during deep hypnotic trance when a glimpse of this spiritual body and its powers may be obtained. A very interesting chapter is devoted to the Excursions of the Spiritual Body, and many instances quoted as appearing during the life-time of the subject. A further chapter gives instances of the post mortem appearances—both immediate and after a long interval. Examples are given of such ghostly appearances in fulfilment of a compact made during life ; and also those which show the soul to be earthbound by terrane affairs, on returning to linger over family scenes. Communications to man's spirit during sleep—with the giving of knowledge, sometimes prophetic—are dealt with. Several striking premonitions are chronicled, one of which concerns the death of the author's brother-in-law, John Burnett. These premonitions or warnings were given to the family on 16th and 26th November ; and were connected with the vision of a large capital "C." On Boxing Day came the telegram which told of John Burnett's death from heart failure at 10 p.m. on the night of Christmas. The symbolic character of the warnings is well shown in this case. Mrs. Tweedale had seen leaping waves, and a coffin with vine-leaf pattern on the plate. The waves symbolized the brother-in-law's avocation. His coffin actually had the vine leaf pattern on the plate. The passing of the author's uncle was also accurately foretold.

In speaking of the objectivity of the spiritual body we note that often apparitional figures seen in his house have been observed to be reflected in the mirrors—reflection and apparition seen simultaneously. The radiance of these forms is discussed. The author gives abundant space to the phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, the direct voice and materialization. As to these the evidence he offers will be found most interesting. He devotes a chapter to psychic photography, giving certain attested results from several sources ; and these will be found very striking. Coupled with this subject he speaks of the strange power of precipitation of pigments for the formation of pictures possessed by the Bangs sisters of Chesterfield (U.S.) These records should be studied in connection with the work of the Japanese Professor Miyaké, which are the subject-matter of a special article in this issue. A similar phenomenon has been observed in the pastel work of John Alleyne (Capt. J. A. Bartlett)—notably in the case of his picture of the Choir of Glastonbury Abbey, in which minute detail comes out under the magnifying glass, and this developed with the use of a blunt piece of pastel-chalk—hardly a likely material for the rendering of fine detail.

Questions, fire-proof tests, "apports" are discussed, and the phenomena compared with the Biblical record. The closing

chapters of the book are devoted to historical evidence of psychic happenings and to the testimony of modern scientists as to the reality of such phenomena. The work of the London Dialectical Society, hardly noticed in its day, is weighty and its records are of serious importance.

Finally, Mr. Tweedale discusses the attitude of religion to the subject, and he has much that is trenchant to say of the attitude of the Churches. We quote the following :

"The Churches have gradually become estranged, and now deliberately maintain estrangement from all conscious objective touch with the spirit world, and therefore from all psychic and 'supernatural' experiences. This illogical attitude of lauding, and professing to believe in, the spirit phenomena of a past age, while denying or avoiding them in our own times, places them in an untenable position. Constantly invoking the 'Holy Spirit,' their attitude is such as to completely cut them off from those good or holy spiritual manifestations which were the privilege and constant experience of the early Christian Church.'

Their insistence, in fact, upon the *internal* witness of the Spirit and practical denial of the *external* witness, is a fatal weakness, and if not remedied, must lead to a more complete loss of power and authority in organized religion.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE College has, during the past few months, received a considerable share of attention from the Press, particularly in relation to the visit of Frau Silbert, the esteemed Austrian physical medium. A Report of her mediumistic work will appear in the next issue of PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

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The "Daily News" London correspondent, in a continuous series of articles, has given a very fair statement of an investigation into mediumistic faculty made in various quarters, and being much impressed by some of the happenings with Frau Silbert at the College, asked that Captain Clive Maskelyne, of St. George's Hall, and Professor A. M. Low might be present on one occasion. Tho Hon. Principal, who granted this request, had no illusions that one sitting, with even so good a medium as Frau Silbert, would have any particular influence on the opinions of these gentlemen, neither of whom appeared to have much previous preparation for judging such a delicate matter as physical mediumship, which involves a curious interplay of psychological faculties and physiological functioning.

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The séance was duly held, and though it was rather an indifferent one, certain phenomena did take place. The "Daily News" Correspondent, who was present, reported that though Captain Maskelyne was within a few feet of the medium he failed to detect trickery, as did also Professor Low. Both gentlemen reported their impressions in the "Daily News," making the usual complaints of insufficient control, etc. As a good degree of light is always allowed in Frau Silbert's séances general powers of observation are not hampered as in dark séances. The medium's hands were in view and her feet were controlled during the whole sitting. The "Daily Graphic," the "Daily Sketch," the "Daily Express," the "Sunday Chronicle," and many other papers gave reports of Frau Silbert's work, which varied from useful reports to those of a highly sensational character, warning people to have nothing to do with such dangerous practices. The Press correspondent in the latter case was himself the only one not perfectly at ease in the séance.

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We notice that yet another physical medium, Mr. J. Fronczek, of Poland, has been exposed by the English S.P.R., and the reporter of the occurrence in the daily Press says: "The average spiritualist sitter would undoubtedly have accepted the phenomena as genuine." Perhaps some genuine phenomena might have happened had the average spiritualist, instead of the extraordinary researcher, been present. With the "'Margery' Case" still before us the decision as to whether a physical medium is genuine or not does not seem to be so easy a matter to decide as some psychical researchers would have us believe.

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Dr. Schrenck Notzing, of Munich, who sends friendly greetings, has had the pleasure of lecturing at two of the Swiss Universities—Zurich and Basle where he received a hearty welcome and excellent press notices. He regards the invitation as a tribute to the painstaking scientific work done in Psychic Science during the past few years, as hitherto these University doors had remained shut.

Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipzig, who has made some brave statements on Psychic Science, has accepted the Presidency of the English S.P.R. for the current year, and in his Presidential Address, given in London on March 18th, made the significant remark, "Spiritualism is a legitimate hypothesis."

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We note that it is, as always, the fruits of mediumship and the continuous stream of testimony from the simpler type of investigator which open the heavily barred doors of the Universities and the Professors' study. The scientists are useful in endorsing the work already done, so that without loss of dignity the scientific world may accept some of the findings. Let truth be declared in every way.

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Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, Chairman of the College Council, is enjoying a much-needed holiday in a month's visit to Serbia, where her gallant work in leading a portion of the army in its retreat during the Great War is inscribed imperishably on the annals of Serbian history. She has lectured at the University of Belgrade during her visit, on the subject of Psychic Science, to which she has given so much time and study during recent years. The lecture was illustrated by a number of lantern slides supplied by the College.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the College Hon. President, has had a remarkable season of lectures to many varied audiences since the New Year. In Cambridge to a large gathering of professors and students; in Finchley Road to an audience composed entirely of Jews, presided over by the Rabbi of the West Hampstead Synagogue; and with the Rev. G. Vale Owen in the People's Palace in Mile End Road, to a gathering of twelve hundred persons, brimful of interest and questions. We noticed in the latter audience that the questions had little of the old rationalistic flavour. The modern conception of matter, of mind, and the problems of ether and of radio-active elements are so staggering that they leave the ordinary questioner helpless to combat the still more amazing propositions of Psychic Science.

On a recent Sunday evening, the Æolian Hall was crowded to the door to hear him, and many were turned away. The Grotian Hall, the same evening, had every seat filled; and another West London Spiritualistic gathering overflowed.

Two great Queen's Hall meetings in April will give West End hearers and visitors to London an opportunity of hearing Sir Arthur's latest words on the subject, to which he and Lady Doyle have dedicated their lives.

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A surprising number of groups for the development of voice phenomena are the result of Mr. H. Dennis Bradley's new volume, "The Wisdom of the Gods." These are a witness to the vigour of his statements and to the belief of the public in his sincerity, and while we would advise sitters to reasonable caution in making themselves over-sensitive by too great zeal, the effort will, we believe, be productive of some new voice mediumship; this has indeed already been claimed by some experimenters.

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The College had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Bradley at a Members' Meeting in January, when a crowded gathering, presided over by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, greeted these pioneers most heartily. Mr. Bradley, as his contribution to the evening, dealt with part of the Soal report on Mrs. Blanche Cooper's voice mediumship, taking a rather different point of view as to its value from that held by the Hon. Principal in the present issue. Out of such discussions truth emerges.

Speaking to Mr. Hannen Swaffer at the College Dinner on February 23rd, he said that it was the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley in their own home, without the presence of any other medium, when Lord Northcliffe spoke to him, that carried final and full conviction to himself. Mr. Swaffer is pioneering on behalf of the subject in many directions. He spoke lately with acceptance at a great meeting in Glasgow, which filled St. Andrew's Hall; he edits or guides the activities of a new weekly, "The Christian Spiritualist," and has discovered a new and apparently remarkable healer in a Mr. Simpson, who has been set to work under Mr. Swaffer's supervision.

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The College had the pleasure of a recent visit from Mr. W. Phoenix, the Glasgow voice medium. Mrs. Phoenix accompanied him, and though the visit was all too short, many had an opportunity of experiencing his gift, which has increased in power since a previous visit to the College in 1920. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and some friends had a sitting, and his opinion, based on this single sitting, is that Mr. Phoenix is one of our best voice mediums.

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Our co-workers, the London Spiritualist Alliance, now occupy their new quarters in Queensberry Place, South Kensington, and we congratulate the Secretary, Miss Mercy Phillimore, and her helpers, in this new move, which seems to indicate the beginning of a period of great activity.

"Light," which continues its great services to the Movement, under the able editorship of Mr. David Gow, is located in the same building. The "National Laboratory of Psychic Research," under the directorship of Mr. Harry Price, also occupies a portion of the building. He reports that the medium Stella C—— is to put herself at the disposal of the Society for a second series of sittings.

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A photograph, just received from Dr. and Mrs. Crandon, of Boston, shows a happy gathering, in February, in their home, when, in the presence of a number of friends, "Margery" and her husband were presented with the loving cup sent to them by a few members of the College. May 1926 see their brave work fully acknowledged. "Margery" herself writes: "The Cup, with all that it signifies of common purpose and goodwill, came at just the right moment. Everyone interested in this country was talking of the immature and unscientific Harvard report, and of the discomfiture of its authors by our publication of *their* signed note. The American S.P.R. had, with a spirit similar to that of our kind British cousins, just given us a reception in New York." Our hon. member Mr. Joseph de Wyckoff presented the Cup.

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A note from U.S.A. mentions that Mrs. Mary Ridpath Mann, whose portrait reveals a woman of ability and culture, has assumed the Editorship of the "National Spiritualist," the monthly organ of the National Spiritualist Association, so long ably edited by the late Dr. Warne. The new Editor is a writer, a lecturer and a considerable traveller, and is the daughter of J. C. Ridpath, a widely known American historian. Mrs. Mann is a fearless and broadminded woman. At the close of her University career, where she obtained a Master of Arts degree, intellectual honesty brought her into touch with the knowledge of psychic facts. She is fitted in every way to guide and mould the future of the great U.S.A. Spiritualist Movement, as she may well do through the pages of a journal.

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"The Progressive Thinker," the popular weekly representative of Spiritualism in U.S.A., is published in Chicago under the Editorship of Mrs. Cadwallader, a woman of untiring push and initiative. This paper occasionally

contains excellent matter, but it is a large meshed sieve, through which flows material gathered from many mixed sources. It is a remarkable publication in many ways, and gives a very fair idea of the simpler aspects of the work as seen in the Spiritualistic Churches, and the many Summer Camps, good and indifferent, which are organized by Spiritualists throughout the States. "The Progressive Thinker" has always been in the vanguard for the protection of the constitutional rights of mediums, and is at present engineering with the greatest pertinacity a petition to President Coolidge, asking that because some of the greatest names in the history of the world have recognized the very facts for which Spiritualism stands, therefore :

"We petition you, our Honoured President and head of our Government, for a redress of these grievances which are an outrage perpetrated upon millions of good citizens because of their religious beliefs and convictions."

The petition quotes from the Constitution of the United States, which says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." This petition arose out of the attack on various Spiritualist pastors in various towns, and some of the cases are still pending.

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The other side of the picture is shown curiously enough in a Court Judgment given in San Francisco, whereby the Chief of the Police, the Lieutenant of the Police, and Sergeants and Police Officers in the City and County of San Francisco, and all persons acting under their control, are "prohibited from in any wise interfering with the Plaintiff Corporation (the Spiritualist Church of Revelation in San Francisco), or any of its members, in conducting any of its religious meetings, except by authority of a legal and lawful warrant, and are also prohibited from humiliating, terrorizing, intimidating and annoying the Plaintiff and its officers, members, pastor and employees in conduct of their business, or in their religious ceremonies wherever the same may be conducted in the City and County of San Francisco."

Behind this decree of a few months ago may be read the story of the systematic persecution of a small community over a considerable period. The decision may assist the fight proceeding in other quarters.

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Not so long ago in London, on a public platform, we stood beside clergy, doctors and surgeons, Members of Parliament, and many notable persons, making a similar protest against the conviction of a medium through the evidence of police spies. The fight for the recognition of psychic facts is worldwide.

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Spiritualism is apparently regarded as a kind of religious Bolshevism. "The Universe," a Roman Catholic publication, speaks of the alarming spread of Spiritualism in this country (they call it "Spiritism"), and the necessity of a campaign of suppression. Spiritualism, they further say, is a religion which declares war on the Christian Church, and has for its object the destruction of Christianity root and branch. Such statements, however we may smile at them, can be made use of by fanatical minds who see in every new idea not a reason for careful examination and research, but an attack on the things by which they think they live. Not so, however, does the human race progress.

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"A Cottage Jazz Mystery" is a newspaper heading recording a series of poltergeist happenings in Berkshire, in which the village policeman is said

to be baffled ; while he has stood in one room furniture has moved in another, and once, when he tightly wedged a brick in a hole in the staircase wall it fell out a few seconds after he had turned his back. We seem to have read something like it before, but to have convinced a policeman that there is something in it is noteworthy ! The house belongs to the village carpenter, and in his family there are two daughters. Some psychical researchers are said to have the matter in hand, but, as so often happens, nothing untoward happened on the occasion of their visit, though it appears they did not doubt the actuality of the occurrences nor impute fraud to the inmates.

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Those readers who have followed the last College Poltergeist case recorded in the "Quarterly" for October, 1925, will be glad to hear that the northern mill manager who wrote part of the report and in whose employment the girl was, writes, in the middle of February, that he is "glad to be able to inform the College that the girl is still in our employment and has shown no signs of causing us any further trouble. We may take it, I think, therefore, that she is permanently cured." As the girl had been in the hands of various doctors and psychologists for six months before coming to the College, and was in a pretty bad state when she arrived, the above is a splendid testimony to what College workers were able to do in relieving a very bad case of obsession.

* * *

This matter raises the whole question of the power of healing both bodies and minds, which seems to be a natural gift with many people who have had no medical training of any kind. We class them roughly as Spiritual or Magnetic healers, but their gifts may be remarkably varied in actual operation.

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In a recent discussion in the House of Commons Lord Dawson of Penn spoke of the possibility of some measure of co-operation between qualified and unqualified men, so that each might benefit by the other's gifts in the treatment of patients when the nature of the disease had been determined by medical diagnosis. It is in diagnosis we hold, however, that the unqualified healer often proves his power, and where the trained medical man may often be at a loss. It is well known that many Harley Street doctors avail themselves of this power of the unqualified man, while saying very little about it.

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Happily doctors themselves are becoming aware of the need for all the aid possible for the assistance of suffering humanity, and Dr. Haydn Brown, in the "Nineteenth Century," says "Innovations are not desired or favoured in our profession excepting through medical organizations. . . . it is held that organized bodies should refuse to notice any research work done or discoveries made outside their preserves."

"Even though the work of Sir Herbert Barker and Dr. Axham should receive the highest encomiums from some of the most distinguished medical men and surgeons of to-day, yet no enquiry will be instituted, no wish to learn expressed, no opportunity permitted so that Sir Herbert might demonstrate or teach his methods to the members of the Profession for adoption generally." So speaks one within the medical profession.

* * *

The College recognizes the full value of this natural healing force and uses it as part of its work. Before us is a report of the fourth anniversary of the establishment of Hulham House, where "Dr. Beale's" work—through his medium, Miss Harvey—so much maligned and yet in the bulk of cases so beneficent, has been so faithfully carried on. Free treatment and free hospitality

has been given to the extent of thirty persons during the year. One of the most devoted helpers at Hulham House is a woman from whose jaw, two years ago, was taken a terrible growth. This after a few weeks of treatment, although for years she had been in the hands of doctors and in and out of hospitals. The full particulars of this case, with the testimony of reliable witnesses, have already been placed on record in the "Quarterly."

* * * *

The healing work of Mr. W. E. Foster at the College during the last year has been of the greatest service to many who had relinquished the hope of cure. A new addition to the College staff, Mr. W. P. Sharplin, is likely to prove equally valuable in diagnosis and treatment, and his work is cordially recommended to all readers who need such help. One member, with many years' experience of psychic faculty behind him, writes as follows, early in February, after proving the efficiency of the help of Mr. Sharplin's Chinese trance "control"—named "Chang": "I cannot tell you how pleased I am with 'Chang.' He's a real find—knows his job thoroughly and is to boot, a good, genuine and whole-souled Healer. He has done for me what my doctors—three of them—have quite failed to do; and to him entirely I own my recovery from a very nasty and serious illness." This member is, to date, quite well. Another, in writing to thank the College for his help, says: "I had badly fractured my leg, and being in my seventieth year both surgeon and doctor who were in attendance, after doing everything humanly possible, said that I should always have to use two crutches, and perhaps a metal appliance as well to get about at all. Mr. Sharplin's 'guide' did not agree with this opinion, and after treatment from him I was able first to walk with one crutch, and now can even go on level ground for short distances with only a stick." As we are touching on the subject of healing these two testimonies seem appropriate.

* * * *

The following very kind donations to General College Funds have been made by sympathizers and friends between October, 1925, and March of the present year, and these are gratefully acknowledged.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Rolleston	...	1	1 0
Miss Byrne	...	1	1 0
Brig.-Gen. Carter, C.B.	...	5	5 0
Mrs. Hull	...	1	1 6
Mr. W. Hadley (In Memory of his Wife and Son)	...	2	2 0
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Mr. E. James Hobbs	...	15	0
	£26	6	6

* * * *

THE COLLEGE FOUNDATION TRUST FUND.

A friend in Sumatra, by a further donation of £50, for which we give him our hearty thanks, has become a LIFE PATRON of the College.

Mrs. Chesney Jackson and another have become ASSOCIATE LIFE MEMBERS of the College by the payment of £25 each. Miss Poulton has made a DONATION to the Fund of £2.

Other members of the College who are assured of the help the College is giving in forwarding in a wise way a subject of the deepest importance to humanity, are encouraged to take up Life Appointments, a very excellent way of assisting the work.

THE FIRST ANNUAL DINNER OF THE B.C.P.S.

THE first Annual Dinner of the British College of Psychic Science took place on Tuesday, February 23rd, at the Prince's Restaurant and was a brilliantly successful function. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle presided, and was supported by most of the prominent leaders of the Movement. The Press was well represented, and to judge by the newspaper comments the impression created was distinctly favourable. Among the speakers was Sir James Marchant, who, as a Free Church minister of high distinction, spoke in reply to the toast of "The Church," and boldly proclaimed his adhesion to Spiritualism. One of the most telling speeches of the evening was made by Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, who told of the help given by the College on every line of enquiry. Mr. McKenzie's speech was also one which earned a markedly sympathetic reception. Mr. Hannen Swaffer was listened to with great attention. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart and others contributed interesting speeches, and Sir John Foster Fraser spoke as a non-spiritualist guest. Many striking experiences were recorded by spiritualists after the toasting. Mr. Vale Owen, Mrs. Kelway Bamber and Mr. Horace Leaf were among those who recounted these. Dr. Lamond spoke impressively and with great emotion of occurrences which had strongly moved him.

The dinner was a triumph, says a contemporary, for Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie whose foundation of the College has been of such great service to the Movement. It is now known how they persevered in spite of the loss of several thousand pounds until, at last the institution has become self-supporting and is recognized and visited by famous scientists from all over the world. "It is," says the "Christian Spiritualist," "London's only clearing house for Spiritualism." The "Clarion," Robert Blatchford's organ, devotes a column in its issue for March 5th to an appreciation of the work of the College. This testimony from a Socialist organ is striking. "The College," says the "Clarion," "is lifting Spiritualistic phenomena and its philosophy from the crude methods of earlier exponents, and giving it a scientific basis."

BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE WISDOM OF THE GODS."

By H. Dennis Bradley. (T. Werner Laurie. 439 pp. 7s. 6d.)

TESTIMONY to "the direct voice" has been given in abundance by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Admiral Usborne Moore, and many others. Mr. Bradley's book is the latest of these and is delivered in the trenchant and combative style with which "Towards the Stars" and previous works made us familiar. The present work gains in impressiveness by a more sparing use of adjectives applied to the "mentally fossilized, the wilfully inert and the secretly fearful."

The book is difficult to criticize, because the author, who began his investigations only two-and-a-half years ago as "a slightly bored sceptic," now writes as an out-and-out spiritualist, and omits to mention in detail the precautions taken against imposture with such a medium as Munnings, against whom warnings have been published in the spiritualist papers as having been detected in deliberate fraud. (This review was written before the recent exposure of Munnings.)

As, however, the phenomena described turn on the mental aspect, and not on the method of producing the "voice"—whether by the medium's vocal organs, or in the trumpet itself apart from any such assistance—legitimate criticism must be confined to this aspect of the matter.

A typical instance is that with which the book opens :

Mr. Bradley was staying with Mr. J. De Wyckoff, at Arlena Towers, Ramsay, New Jersey, U.S.A., and was invited to participate in a sitting with Valiantine. He says :

"There were present, in addition to myself, my host and his nephew. I was in a strange country in which my private and domestic affairs were utterly unknown to the three men who were in the room. For the first twenty minutes nothing happened.

"Then the silence was broken by the gentle accents of a woman's voice. I recognized the voice of my favourite sister, Annie, who had passed over ten years since, and between whom and myself there had been a bond of affection, and an intimacy in thought and outlook that was rare indeed. She announced herself by her name and spoke to me at length with great emotion and tenderness. For over fifteen minutes we talked with each other, as only two persons of great affection and complete understanding can talk. . . . The talk was not in whispers, but in clear, audible tones. Her voice came, not through the mouth of the medium, but independently ; in fact as though she were standing some eighteen inches away from me."

Mr. Bradley does not say whether this sitting took place in complete darkness, but in "Towards the Stars"—where the experience was previously mentioned—this is stated. As, however,

he insists entirely on the nature of the matter communicated, not on that occasion only, but on many others, this omission does not much affect the case. He gives many similar experiences, both with himself and many other sitters, all of which turn on the internal evidence of identity, and he claims that many others whose names he gives and yet others whose names he is not authorized to quote, have also been convinced absolutely of personal survival by the proofs of identity so given. Being myself assured that these, and some other phenomena are decisive proofs of this major proposition, I have no quarrel with the mode of presentation from the purely commonsense point of view; and those who read the book from that standpoint will find in it ample support for the conclusion.

Scepticism on the genuineness of the direct voice should be set at rest by the ingenious proof advanced by Mr. Malcolm Bird and Dr. Richardson in the December number of the "Journal Am. S.P.R." Dr. Richardson has invented an instrument in which a column of water supporting a luminous float in a U-tube is kept at a constant level by air-pressure from the medium's mouth, so that it is physically impossible for the medium to speak at all. Under these conditions the direct voice was plainly heard at considerable length. The independence of the voice in that case is certain. Inferentially, it is possible in any other case; and the general theory of fraudulent production falls to the ground.

The main proof of the identity of the speakers must therefore lie in the matter communicated, and of this the book contains enough to satisfy any reasonable person who is also aware of Dr. Richardson's experiments.

Mr. Bradley's book has some very interesting matter, especially in the later chapters, on which space does not permit of comment.

S. DE BRATH.

"WSPOMNIENIA Z. SEANSOW Z."

(Medium: Frankiem Kluski.)

By Col. Norbert Ocholowicz. Warsaw. 1926.

We congratulate Col. Ocholowicz on having his remarkable work on Kluski's mediumship, the result of six years' study, produced in Polish, and trust that in due time an English translation will be forthcoming. It gathers into one volume the most remarkable happenings which have taken place with Kluski, probably the finest materializing medium in the world—and a private one—whose name is known throughout the world by reason of the publicity given to the wax moulds of materialized hands obtained through his mediumship.

Many photographic reproductions of these, including those obtained by Mr. Hewat McKenzie in Warsaw, and photographs and drawings of apparitions embellish this remarkable record.

The second part of the volume records tests made with Kluski with the galvanometer, compass, automatic writing, photographic plates, animals, etc., and a chapter dealing with the influence of the sitters on the phenomena produced at given séances.

"THE ETHERIC DOUBLE."

By Arthur E. Powell. (The Theosophical Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a most useful book for the student desirous of understanding the working of the psychic forces, as seen by those who have watched the operations clairvoyantly, or through mediums. Mr. Powell, a theosophist, holds with the thoughtful spiritualist, that it is proved that man possesses an etheric body—which is his from birth (before birth in Mr. Powell's view) and which survives the death of the physical body.

This etheric body is seen by clairvoyants surrounding and interpenetrating the physical, and is seen to possess certain centres or focussing points of psychic force which, by development, may become organized centres for use. Their development and growth are gauged by their brilliance to the eye of the seer. Right habits of life, meditation, contact with good teachers are all pointed out as the helpful way of stimulation, while hasty and careless development is severely condemned.

Mr. Powell does not claim to present anything new to his readers, but gives a list of authorities, with marginal references to these, and extracts what is best on the subject to save the time of the readers. The author rather overloads his list with references to books by Theosophical writers, but includes also such works as those of W. J. Crawford, Dr. Schrenck-Notzing and Dr. Kilner. He has, however, made his selections with great judgment, and provided us, in a convenient form, with the very best which has been said upon the matter.

"TELEPATHY AND CLAIRVOYANCE."

By Rudolf Tischner. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

This translation of Dr. Tischner's book, originally published four years ago, is a valuable contribution to the much-debated subject of Telepathy, and its concomitant—Clairvoyance. It is a practical study, and the experiments which deeply interested Dr. Tischner himself he hopes will stimulate others. We can recommend it to students experimenting practically.

Mr. E. J. Dingwall, S.P.R. Research Officer, writes an introduction to the English translation.

"SPIRITUALISM, FACT AND FAKE."

By Hereward Carrington and Dr. Walsh. (Stratford Co., Boston, U.S.A. \$2½.)

Mr. Hereward Carrington and a Dr. Walsh are the joint authors of this book, which gives, in one volume, arranged in a curious way, the *pros* and *cons* of Psychic Science and the Spiritualistic Theory. Both covers are printed with the title, and to read what Mr. Carrington says you follow the cover "Spiritualism—Fact"; while if you wish to read "Spiritualism—Fake" you turn the book upside down and start from the other cover. The method may be convenient to booksellers, to attract different types of customers.

Mr. Carrington's contribution is able and informed from the best sources, and includes also some pages of useful guidance for the development of the psychic faculty.

Dr. Walsh's portion does not seem to indicate any personal experiment, and re-hashes all the evil reports that have been made against mediums in the past without discrimination.

It is a unique American idea to have these diverse opinions placed side by side. It is a sign of the times, and an indication—as in Sir James Marchant's book—that the public on both sides of the water want to know both points of view.

"LIFE AFTER DEATH."

Ed. by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. (Cassel & Co., Ltd. 6s. 0d. net.)

Sir James Marchant has done a public service in bringing together the views of leading Churchmen and Spiritualists on "Life After Death." This volume was preceded by a previous symposium on "Survival" by the same distinguished editor.

The preface, by the Bishop of London, is the least satisfying contribution in the book. In almost a petulant way he states that, if he had read through the chapters first, he would probably not have written the preface he had promised the Editor, in case he might be misunderstood as endorsing any of the views held. He need have no fear. His own views as to the reality of spirit protection and guidance are well known; as also his views against any guidance claimed from the same source by spiritualists. We note that his contribution is devoid of the practical knowledge apparent in the essays of Robert Blatchford, the Rev. Vale Owen, Rev. Drayton Thomas, and Rev. F. C. Spurr; as are also the statements by Bishop Weldon, the Rev. Norwood and Wheeler Robinson. While not lacking in sincerity, the latter do not carry the authority and conviction of the other men who *know*.

Sir Oliver Lodge's excellent contribution is a reprint of an article in the "Guardian," and is positive and helpful.

This volume reveals the paucity of knowledge possessed by the Church to-day; they cannot give the people that assurance and comfort regarding survival and a future life for which they ask. Theological arguments are finished with and they happily have the good sense to leave them out. To-day Churchmen either know, or they do not know. It seems to us that the enlightenment of the public in these things is more and more left to the care of such spiritualists as have both knowledge and understanding.

"LIFE BEYOND THE VEIL."

(1) "The Lowlands of Heaven." (2) "The Highlands of Heaven."

By the Rev. G. Vale Owen. (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. 4s. 0d. net.)

It is a pleasure to see this new edition of Mr. Vale Owen's first publications, which have been out of print for some time. It will be remembered that these volumes followed the printing, in the "Weekly Dispatch," of communications received automatically through Mr. Vale Owen's hand in the vestry of his church at Orford. The interest aroused was widespread—and penetrated unlooked for places at home and abroad. Since then, the volumes and their companions which followed, continue the good work of assurance of the reality of the Life Beyond the Veil—and throw light, perfectly consistent with other communications, on the conditions which await souls of different development.

"THE SILENT VOICE."

(G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 2s. 0d.)

This is the third series of helpful teachings from the same source—which are received during prayer—as if the words were formed in the recipient's mind, a well-known method of inspiration to such a saint as Lady Julian, of Norwich. The series is a very useful one for purposes of meditation.

"MORNING TALKS WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS."

Recorded by G. G. Andre. (J. M. Watkins. 2s. 0d.)

This also is a book helpful in meditation. The communications are quietly natural and unforced, and breathe the spirit of wisdom and understanding, while dealing with the simplest aspects of the influence of the Unseen upon our daily lives.

"HARTMANN'S WHO'S WHO—in Occult, Psychic and Spiritual Realms."

("The Occult Press," Jamaica, N.Y., U.S.A. \$3.)

Mr. W. W. Hartmann is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of a Herculean task—the attempt to put some order into this record of the mixed company who in all countries are seeking to investigate borderland problems, and the many theories to be deduced. He has brought to his task knowledge and insight, and has culled his material from the very best sources of publication.

To give readers some idea of the scope and value of the publication, we may mention that it contains lists of prominent public workers and their particular contributions; a list (selected) of well-known authors and their works on Psychic Science; a list of world periodicals on advanced thought; a list, most difficult of all, of psychologists, astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, healers and metaphysical practitioners; a list of mediums, etc.; a list of societies—psychical research, spiritualistic, theosophical, new thought, occult and many others throughout the world. One might find many mistakes in this amazing compilation, but we are more pleased to congratulate the editor on the diligence and care which has produced for workers a very useful book of reference, and gives even to a superficial reader some idea of the breadth and scope of new and progressive thought in the world to-day.

"THE WAY OF TRUTH."

By Countess Bela Zichy. (Theosophical Society Publishing Co. 5s. 0d. net.)

This is a brightly written book, in the nature of an autobiography, dealing with the writer's psychic development. A society woman—weary of the giddy round, and longing for more serious interests—feels irresistibly attracted to Egypt and its history. She develops the power of getting communications for herself, and these seem in a curious way to indicate that some one known in a previous life will cross her path again and be recognized. This is fulfilled.

Whether the reader can accept the writer's views on reincarnation or not the fact remains that the book is a testimony to the great change of life and thought which took place through the teachings received from the Other Side.

"PRACTICAL NUMEROLOGY (PYTHAGOREAN SYSTEM) AND CHARACTER ANALYSIS."

By C. S. Sander, F.R.P.S., D.Sc. (C. W. Daniel, Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Sander has been a student of occultism for many years, and has applied himself practically to the scienc of "Numerology" as a means of revealing character.

Readers will find his guidance trustworthy as far as he himself is enlightened. The author would wish each student to take from the manual

just what he can assimilate for practical use. We wish this author and others would give this science its correct title 'Arithmology.' The word 'Numerology' is false coin; a bastard of Greek and Latin and as such to be rigorously avoided.

"THE PSYCHOLOGY AND TRADITION OF COLOUR."

By Hylde Rhodes. (C. W. Daniel, Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an interesting contribution on the engrossing subject of Colour in relation to everyday life in many aspects, and all who are interested in colour vibrations and auric conditions will welcome the volume. The authoress writes with knowledge and feeling.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

"THE PSYCHOLOGY AND DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP." By Horace Leaf. (Rider & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

"THE LAND OF MIST." By A. Conan Doyle. (Hutchinson & Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

"EDIE." By W. Harold Speer. Introduction by Hannen Swaffer. (Rider & Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"FROM THE DEAD." By Recorder. Introduction by Rev. Fielding Ould. (Fowler & Co. 1s. 0d. net.)

"PSYCHE" (The Cult of Souls and Belief in Immortality among the Greeks). By Erwin Rohde. (Kegan Paul. 25s. 0d.)

"THE STORY OF ATLANTIS AND THE LOST LEMURIA" (*reprint*). By W. Scott Elliott. (Theosophical Publishing House. 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE PSYCHIC IN THE HOUSE" (A further contribution to the "Doris" Case). By Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, of the Boston Society for Psychic Research.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"Journal of the American S.P.R." for January and February, 1926.

"Revue Metapsychique" (Paris Institut), January and February, 1926.

"Luce e Ombra" (Rome).

"Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie" (Leipzig), March, 1926 (formerly the "Psychische Studien").

"The Kalpaka" (India).

"The Harbinger of Light" (Melbourne).

The College Library.

NEW CATALOGUE *now ready. Price 1/2 post free.*

THE following books have been added to the Library since January 1, 1926, and the Honorary Secretary is grateful to the following members and friends who have made the gifts: Dr. Crandon, Miss A. C. Crosbie, Mr. Leslie Curnow, Mrs. Kitchen, Lady Palmer, Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. S. G. Soal.

The Honorary Secretary feels greatly indebted to one member, Mrs. Kitchen, for the devoted voluntary attention she has given to the Library during the past year, assisting in the preparation of the new Catalogue and giving daily attention to the needs of Country Members. The very necessary and valuable work of keeping track of books loaned has also been assumed by Mrs. Kitchen to the great advantage of the Library.

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|---|--|-------------------------------------|
| Andre, G. G. (new) ... | "Morning Talks with Spirit Friends" ... | (Communications). |
| "Catalogue de L'Exposition Spirite." | Paris, 1925. | |
| Crockett, A. S. (new. U.S.A.) ... | "Revelations of Louise." | |
| Hartmann, W. C. (new) "Who's Who" | —International, Psychic and Occult | Information. |
| Lamond, Rev. John, D.D. (new) ... | "Kathleen." | |
| Marchant, Sir James, LL.D. (new); edited | "Life after Death." | |
| "Margery, Harvard, Veritas" (new) | "The 'Margery' Case" · A Reply | to the Harvard Group. |
| Ocholowicz, Col. N. (new); Illustrated | "Record of the Medium Franek | Kluski" (in Polish). |
| Palmer, Lady ... | "The Invisible Betrothal." | |
| Powell, Arthur E. (new) ... | "The Etheric Double." | |
| Prel, Carl du ... | "The Philosophy of Mysticism" (Vols. I and II). | |
| "Psychic Science"—Quarterly Journal of the B.C.P.S. | Vol. V, 1925. | |
| Saunders, R. H. ... | "The Return of G. R. Sims." | |
| Soal, S. G. R. ... | "S.P.R. Proceedings. December, 1925. (Report on Mrs. | Blanche Cooper's Voice Mediumship). |
| Speer, W. Harold ... | "Edie." | |
| Zichy, Countess Bela (new) ... | "The Way of Truth." | |

THE QUEST.

A Quarterly Review.

Edited by G. R. S. MEAD, B.A.

Price 3s.3d. post free. Annual Subscription, commencing with next issue, 10s.

Vol. XVII.	APRIL, 1926.	No. 3.
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'The Quest' Old and New: A Retrospect and Prospect. (with portrait)	G. R. S. MEAD.	
More Mandæan and other Saviour-lore Parallels to the Fourth Gospel	Prof. R. BULTMANN.	
The Bruised Apples of the Cider Mystery	A. CAMERON-TAYLOR.	
First Steps in the Hither Hereafter	THE EDITOR.	
New Light on the Origin of Demonic Magic	GERHARD HEYM.	
The Right Kind of Psychical Investigator	A. L. PIPER.	
A Word on William Blake	J. C. WRIGHT.	
The Stuff of Dreams	JAMES S. MARSHALL.	
A Note on the Slavonic Josephus and the Josippon	G.R.S.M.	
The Bamboo Flute	J. B. M. MCGOVERN.	
Subconscious	PHYLLIS MEGROZ.	

Reviews and Notices.

JOHN M. WATKINS,

21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2.

THE GLASTONBURY SCRIPTS.

No. 1.	The Return of Johannes. <i>Second Edition</i> , with appendices	1s. 6d. net
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No. 3.	Hugh of Avalon	1s. 6d. net.
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To be obtained of the Secretary, G. S., 4, Stratford Road, Kensington, W. 8.
The "Gate of Remembrance" and "The Company of Avalon" are also in stock. Price 7s. 6d. each net, post 8s.

COLLEGE INFORMATION.

NEW SYLLABUS NOW READY.

LECTURES FOR THE SESSION, APRIL—JULY, 1926.

MONTHLY MEMBERS' MEETINGS. LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS.

(See Syllabus). Lecturers—Mrs. Daisy E. Grove, Mr. W. S. Hendry, Mr. Geoffrey Hodson, Mrs. G. D. Cummins and Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker.

MR. HORACE LEAF—A Course of Lectures on "The Psychology and Development of Mediumship." Mondays at 8.15 p.m., beginning April 26th.

VARIOUS MEDIUMS—On "How I developed Mediumship." Thursdays at 3.30 p.m., beginning April 20th.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

GROUP DEMONSTRATIONS for Mental Mediumship. (Bookings required.) Tuesdays at 3.30 p.m.

PUBLIC CLAIRVOYANCE—Fridays at 8 p.m. (See Syllabus.)

MRS. BLANCHE COOPER—Voice Phenomena. Private Appointments and Groups.

MRS. BARKEL—Trance Mediumship. Private Appointments, and Class and Private Development.

MRS. VICKERS—Clairvoyance. Private Appointments, and Class and Private Development.

MRS. GARRETT—Trance Mediumship. Private Appointments.

MISS GRACE COLLYNS—Clairvoyance, Psychometry and Aura Readings.

MRS. SHARPLIN—Clairvoyance.

MR. G. SHARPLIN—Trance Diagnosis of Disease, and Treatment. (Highly recommended). Free Healing Group, Thursdays, 8 p.m.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA. The College is visited from time to time by important mediums. Private intimation made to members.

Conditions of Membership of the College.

All applications for membership should be made on the College forms provided for the purpose. These should be accompanied by suitable references, and privilege is reserved to accept same.

The membership is limited to 500 members, so that adequate attention can be given to individual needs, and the names and addresses of members are not published.

TOWN MEMBERS—Entrance Fee - - - 1 Guinea.

Yearly Subscription - - - 3 Guineas.

COUNTRY MEMBERS—Entrance Fee - - - 1 Guinea,

Yearly Subscription - - - 2 Guineas.

ASSOCIATE AND FOREIGN MEMBERSHIP—Entrance Fee - - - 1 Guinea.

Yearly Subscription - - - 1 Guinea.

Where more than one member of a family becomes a member the entrance fee for the second member is relaxed, and for such member the Town yearly subscription is fixed at 2 guineas and the Country at 1½ guineas.

Members may join at any time of the year by payment of current quarter's fee and entrance fee.

WHY THE BRITISH COLLEGE MERITS YOUR SUPPORT AS A MEMBER.

BECAUSE it is the only place in Britain where the ordinary member can carry out varied experiments under good conditions, and can consider and compare them with the experiences of others.

BECAUSE it provides classes for wise instruction in psychic development, and possesses a large and up-to-date loan Library.

BECAUSE without such a centre and its due support the subject will suffer under the over critical and unduly limited methods of one body, or lose in the general mass of unrecorded matter of other Societies that sane and careful attention which the College embodies in records published in its valuable Journal.

OTHER GREAT SCIENCES which do not mean so much to human life as Psychic Science have ample means provided by interested students.

Give the College steady support by Town, Country or Associate Membership, so that the work can go forward unimpeded.

THE PSYCHIC BOOKSHOP, LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

MANAGER: R. G. Monier Williams.

PROPRIETOR: Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Only psychic books are stocked, but any books will be supplied to order.

Circulating Library 2/6 per month. Books sent by post at small extra expense.

The latest important American books, such as Malcolm Bird's "Margery" and Dr. Wickland's "Thirty Years Among the Dead," may be obtained.

Priced Catalogues sent out on application.

Those in search of the older books on Psychic subjects will find a choice selection, a new catalogue of which is in the press.

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